

THE ECLECTIC.

I.

THE STORY OF THE TWO THOUSAND.

"We'll make them all knaves if they conform."—*Sheldon, Bishop of London.*

THE reader has doubtless heard something of Bartholomew Day, of the ejection of 2,000 clergymen, 200 years ago, from the Church of England, and of the intended celebration of the event during the present year. Paragraphs in newspapers and articles in magazines may have caught his eye, announcements of lectures or speeches may have reached his ear, new books may have been put into his hand, and splendid donations given, great projects contemplated, and warm discussions begun, may have aroused his attention. At the same time, what with the enthusiasm of some, and the opposition of others, and the fragmentary nature of the information he has received, the reader may be at once interested and perplexed, and have at length exclaimed, 'Well, what is it all about? What and when was Bartholomew Day? Who were these ejected clergymen? Why were they ejected? Why should the event be commemorated? by whom? and how?'

We propose to take up these several questions, and as briefly as may be, to answer them. Let us begin by glancing at the events which preceded Bartholomew Day.

It is a mere common-place to remark that the history of the Roman Catholic Church has been marked by tyranny and blood. Her crusades against all civil and religious freedom abroad, had their counterpart at home in the persecution of the Lollards, in the flames of Smithfield, and in a thousand forms of intolerance. Even when, at length, the strong arm of power summarily ousted her from the land, she left the trail of

her tyranny behind. The Reformation, however beneficent, required to be reformed. Protestantism needed protesters. And if thus there were perils to the noblest of the Reformers, how much greater to the meanest! Hence, when Henry VIII. renounced the supremacy of Rome, he retained much of her persecuting spirit. There was a pope in England, instead of a pope at Rome. He required that all should believe alike, and believe what he prescribed; and those who dared to deviate suffered for their temerity.

His successors betrayed the same spirit. Mary baptised the rising genius of liberty with martyr-blood. With Elizabeth freedom of conscience was little less than treason. James, the first sovereign of the Stuart dynasty, though brought up among the Presbyterianism of Scotland, but no sooner mounted the throne of England than he frowned upon the Presbyterians, flattered the Episcopal Church, browbeat the Puritans, and declared to their divines, 'If this be all your party have to say, I'll make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land, or else do worse. . . Let them conform, and that quickly, or they shall hear of it.'

Charles I. too, loved uniformity in religion, and he sought to promote it by such means as slit noses, cropped ears, branded cheeks, pillories, prisons, and death. At length the nation was mercifully delivered from his dynasty, and Cromwell became Lord Protector of the Commonwealth.

How righteous a revolution has taken place in the public estimate of Oliver Cromwell and his rival Charles, we need not recount. Enough, that the longer the time that has elapsed, the higher the one has deservedly risen, and the lower the other has sunk. Cromwell gathered around him men like himself, who 'had the fear of God before them, and made a conscience of what they did.' Doubtless they sometimes went to extremes; and these we would not justify; yet we sometimes wonder that the exasperation of persecution, and the heat of revolution, did not drive them further.

One act of Cromwell's has been severely condemned. 'Church government,' says Thomas Carlyle, 'for years past being all a church anarchy, the business is somewhat difficult to deal with.' But amid the conflict of parties, there was one practical measure he would adopt—he would keep bad men out of the church. 'The Lord Protector,' continues Carlyle, 'takes it up in simplicity and integrity, intent upon the real heart or practical outcome of it, and makes a rather satisfactory arrangement. Thirty-eight chosen men, the acknowledged flower of English Puritanism, are nominated by the Ordinance of

the 20th March, nominated by a Supreme Commission for the Trial of Public Preachers. Any person pretending to hold a church living, or levy tithes or clergy-dues in England, has first to be tried and approved by these men. . . Owen, Goodwin, Sterry, Marshal, Manton, and others not yet quite unknown to men, were among these church *triers*, the acknowledged flower of spiritual England at that time, and intent as Oliver himself was, with an awful earnestness, on actually hearing the Gospel taught in England.

'This is the first branch or limb of Oliver's scheme for Church-government, this ordinance of the 20th March, 1653-4. A second, which completes what little he could do in the matter at present, developed itself in August following. By this August Ordinance a body of Commissioners, distinguished Puritan gentry, distinguished Puritan clergy, are nominated in all counties of England, from fifteen to thirty in each county, who are to inquire into "scandalous, ignorant, insufficient ministers of the Gospel; to be a tribunal for judging, for detecting, ejecting them (only, in case of ejection, if they have wives let some small modicum of living be allowed them); and to sit there judging and sifting, till gradually all is sifted clean, and can be kept clean." . . . Richard Baxter, who seldom sat, is one of the clergy for his county: he testifies, not in the willingest manner, being no friend to Oliver, that these Commissioners, of one sort and the other, with many faults, did sift out the deleterious, alarming ministers of the Gospel, and put in the salutary in their stead, with very considerable success, giving us "able, serious preachers, who lived a godly life, of what tolerable opinion soever they were; so that many thousands of souls blessed God for what they had done."'

We do not assert that Cromwell was altogether justified in this and some other ecclesiastical measures he adopted. 'He did not understand toleration,' says the Rev. G. C. Maitland, in his admirable lecture, 'as we do in the 19th century, and not much wonder. But then it only furnishes us with another illustration of the evils that inevitably result from handing over ecclesiastical affairs to the civil powers.*' Their number, too, has been grossly exaggerated. Walker, in his 'Sufferings of the Clergy'—a work which has been well characterised as a 'farrago of rabid intolerance and pitiable imbecility'—states that some 6,000 clergymen, at least, were thus removed from their livings, though—after ten years of labour, and assistance from all who

* A Lecture in reply to the Revs. Canon Stowell and Dr. Miller, at Sunderland. By Rev. G. C. Maitland, M.A.

were interested with him in making a case—he is unable to mention more than about 2,000 names. If, however, 6,000 were sequestered in 1644, or subsequently, then, according to the most eminent actuaries, there would be 3,600 surviving in 1660, when they were all restored to their livings; the fact being, that the whole number then surviving and restored was only a few hundreds!

Nor can it be denied that, while some good men and true—with whose sufferings we would heartily sympathise—were unfortunately included among the scandalous and incapable mass so sequestered, in general they deserved all they endured. Even the Church-historian, Fuller, says, 'The offences of some of these men were so disgraceful as not to bear repeating, "crying to Heaven for justice."' 'In all the counties,' says Baxter, who was regarded as the great enemy of the triers, 'where I was acquainted, six to one, at least, if not many more, that were sequestered by the Committees, were, by the oaths of witnesses, proved insufficient and scandalous, or especially guilty of drunkenness and swearing. This, I know, will displease the party, but I am sure that this is true.'

'I must own,' says a clergyman, 'that, in my judgment, both sides have been excessively to blame; yet, that the severities used by the Church to the Dissenters are less excusable than those used by the Dissenters to the Church. My reason is, that the former were used in time of peace and a settled Government, whereas the latter were inflicted in a time of tumult and confusion; so that the plunderings and ravages endured by the Church ministers were owing (many of them, at least) to the rudeness of the soldiers and the chances of war; they were plundered, not because they were Conformists, but Cavaliers, and of the King's party. The allowing of the sequestered ministers a fifth part of their livings was a Christian act, and what, I confess, I should have been glad to have seen imitated at the Restoration. But no mercy was to be shown to these unhappy sufferers, though it was impossible, on a sudden, to fill up the gap that was made by their removal.'

'Those sufferings,' remarks another clergyman of the Church of England, 'were in a time of general calamity; but these were ejected not only in a time of peace, but a time of joy to all the land, and after an act of oblivion, when all pretended to be reconciled and made friends, and to whose common rejoicings these suffering ministers had contributed their earnest prayers and great endeavours.'

Cromwell died, and the feeble hands of his son could not uphold that weighty sceptre. The Puritan party declared for

the King; the Puritan clergy exerted themselves in his favour; a Puritan Parliament voted him back. Before returning, Charles solemnly promised an ample amnesty for the ecclesiastical irregularities of the preceding years, and issued the famous 'Declaration from Breda,' giving 'liberty to tender consciences; and that no man shall be disquieted or called in question for differences of opinion in matters of religion, which do not disturb the peace of the kingdom.' The Restoration came. But when the Royalist bonfires had burnt out, and the quaint and gorgeous pageantry had passed, and the garlands had faded on the Maypoles, and the beef and bacon so lavishly given away were gone, and the nation had recovered from its intoxication, it gradually learned, when too late, 'that cautiously and sternly the iron coils of intolerance were folding around all who were not pliant to the will or whim of an unscrupulous king and his crafty advisers.'

At this time, as in our day, two great parties divided the Church of England: the High Church section, who, despite the Reformation, were Romanists at heart; and the Low Churchmen, or Evangelicals, or Puritans. The former trusted then, as now, in ceremonials and sacraments for salvation; the latter believed the simple and essential doctrines of the Gospel.

The King summoned representatives of both parties to meet at the celebrated Savoy Conference, professedly for the revision of the Book of Common Prayer. Such men as Manton, Owen, Baxter, Henry, and Howe responded to the invitation, and confronted opponents of eminence of the Anglican party. The Puritans alleged their objections, which were hotly debated, and no fewer than six hundred alterations were made. But the result was the triumph of intolerance. The Puritans, for instance, urged the sole supremacy of Scripture as the fundamental article of their faith, and demurred to any portions of the Apocrypha being allowed to be substituted. In reply, the Anglicans introduced into the calendar the story of 'Bel and the Dragon,' and the history of 'Susannah and the Elders,' as the two portions which would give the greatest possible offence to their opponents, and the Apocrypha was ordered to be read along with, or instead of, the Holy Scriptures for two months in the year. 'There can be no doubt,' says an Episcopalian writer, 'this was deliberately done.' Andrew Marvel records that, 'After a long tug about that matter in Convocation, a jolly doctor came out, his face radiant with joy, and with exultation cried, "We have carried it for Bel and the Dragon."' 'One of the alterations,' says the Rev. D. Mountfield,* 'caused much

* Incumbent of Oxon, Salop.

profane jesting, and marks the servile spirit which prevailed throughout Charles's reign. The prayer for the High Court of Parliament was now introduced into the Prayer Book, in which prayer the King is styled "Our most religious King." This expression gave great offence, and must have astonished the profligate King and his witty friends, who often asked him what must all the people think when they heard him prayed for as their most religious King?

'The Puritans having always objected,' says Hallam, 'to the number of saints' days, the Bishops added a few more.' The Puritans thought it desirable that parents should alone be allowed to be god-parents to their children, as likely to enhance the sense of parental responsibility. To render this impossible, a rubric now enjoined three sponsors for each child. The Puritans had petitioned that the words 'priest' and 'curate' might be altered into 'minister.' In reply, the word 'priest' was introduced in several parts of the Prayer Book where 'pastor' and 'minister' had previously been employed. The Puritans thought that the doctrine of baptismal regeneration was implied in a rubric in the Confirmation Service; in reply, it was removed from its previous obscurity into its present prominent position in the Baptismal Service, and was printed in black, instead of red, so as to be not a mere rubrical injunction, but a direct dogmatical assertion. 'At the same time,' says a clergyman before quoted, the Rev. Isaac Taylor, 'with an almost blasphemous irony, they inserted in the Litany a petition for deliverance from that "schism" which they were themselves intentionally bringing about by their own high-handed and intolerant conduct.'

'The Savoy Conference broke up,' says Bishop Burnet, 'without doing any good. It rather did hurt;' for though the Presbyterians laid their complaints before the King, 'little regard was had to them; and now all the concern that seemed to employ the Bishops' thoughts was, not only to make no alteration on their own account, but to make the terms of conformity much stricter than they had been before the war.' The entire revision had been made in the spirit, 'not of conciliation, but of retaliation.' 'Care was taken,' says Burnet, 'that nothing should be altered as it had been moved by the Presbyterians, for it was resolved to gratify them in nothing.' The bias of Sheldon, Bishop of London, one of the chief agents in the work, is sufficiently illustrated by the following incident:— 'When the Lord Chamberlain Manchester told the King, while the Act of Uniformity was under debate, that he was afraid the terms of it were so rigid that many of the ministers would not

comply with it, Bishop Sheldon replied, "I am afraid they will;" nay, it is credibly reported he should say, "Now we know their minds, we'll make them all knaves if they conform." When Dr. Allen said to the same bishop, 'It is a pity the door is so strait,' he answered, 'It is no pity at all: if we had thought so many would have conformed, we would have made it straiter.'

'In this unwise and unchristian spirit,' says the Rev. I. Taylor, 'the Prayer Book was systematically revised; obnoxious ceremonies were not only retained, but were fortified by auxiliary rubrics: almost every incidental word or phrase in the Liturgy, which the Puritans valued as being favourable to their own ecclesiastical theories, or their doctrinal views, was now carefully excised, and such words and such phrases were substituted as were known to be specially offensive to their prejudices. Those matters about which the Puritans scrupled were now made more prominent; and a coherence and a systematic consistency were now for the first time given to those sacerdotal and sacramental theories which had previously existed in the Prayer Book only in an embryotic condition; and certain dogmas which, by the moderation of the Reformers, had been couched in vague and general terms, were now expressed in ample and emphatic phraseology.'

The Savoy Conference had not ended when Convocation met. An Act of Uniformity was passed into law by an obsequious Parliament, and received the Royal assent in May, 1662. It compelled—*what had never been before required*—that each minister should declare 'his unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in and by' the Book of Common Prayer. It required that he should be re-ordained, however valid his ordination, if it had not been conferred by Episcopal hands. He must repudiate the Solemn League and Covenant, and must abjure the right to take up arms against the King, on any pretence whatever.

On the feast of St. Bartholomew, August 24th, 1662, the Act was to take effect. As the revised Prayer Book was issued but a few days previously, only those who resided near London could obtain it; the greater part of the clergy could not possibly see it before the time at which they were required to subscribe it. To add further hardship to the case, the time of subscription was appointed before Michaelmas, when the tithes for the year were due; so that in the event of their refusal they would lose their year's income. But before the day arrived for the irrevocable choice, the general bearing of the Act, and doubtless many details of its requirements, had trans-

pired. 'A continual intercourse of letters,' says Echard, 'between those in the city of London and others in the country, had taken place,' and the sluggish post bore many a folio sheet of closely-written discussion of the momentous questions at issue. Of course the announcement of the new edict was received by many lightly, or even gladly. Those who looked upon their livings as a living—who had professed Prelacy under Charles, Presbyterianism under the Parliament, and Independency under Cromwell—would readily adopt the new *régime*, or any other. The High Church clergy regarded the revision of the Prayer Book as a triumph of their party, and were jubilant at their success.

But there was a large number of clergymen who contemplated the matter with very different feelings, who loved the church in which they had been born and reared, and were glad to live and labour in it, but who loved the Gospel and a conscience void of offence more. They learned with alarm that their own leaders in Church and State had craftily contrived for them an unexpected and cruel alternative. They found that not only had the Prayer Book been designedly altered so as to offend their consciences, but that they were now required to declare that they believed every *iota* of its contents. For instance, they discovered that they must give an oath of adhesion to the doctrine of baptismal regeneration—with the Holy Ghost, as is declared in the thanksgiving after baptism, and in the office of confirmation, in which the bishop says, "Almighty and everlasting God, who has vouchsafed to regenerate these thy servants by water and the Holy Ghost, and hast given them forgiveness of all their sins." As this is asserted of every one who comes up for the rite, 'it gives ground,' said the historian of the Puritan party, 'to all concerned, to think themselves sufficiently regenerate already, and to apprehend that the Church doth not think their aiming at any further regeneration needful, when once they are baptised and confirmed. This was a thing which seemed to our ministers of such dangerous consequence, that they durst not concur in it, or in any way approve it, for fear of contributing to the hardening of a multitude of vain, loose, careless, secure creatures in a fatal mistake about the safety of their state; neither could they see how they could answer it to God another day.'

Thus, at the command of rulers more vile, because more hypocritical, than any that preceded them in England, 2,000 godly clergymen had the bitter dilemma pressed upon them: they must either give their assent to what they did not believe, or they must resign place, emolument, and usefulness; either lie

or forfeit their livings ; either be knaves or beggars ; either lose their conscience or their all. 'For the great body,' says Archdeacon Hare, 'no alternative remained except to belie their conscience, or to cut themselves off from the national church ; and one can hardly doubt that this must have been the express purpose of the framers of the Act.' 'Its authors,' he again remarks, 'were not seeking unity, but division.' 'I wish it had been otherwise,' said a nobleman to one of the ejected, shortly before St. Bartholomew Day ; 'but they were resolved to reproach you or undo you.' And all this, not by the concurrence of adventitious circumstances, but by their own rulers in Church and State, who had the guilty craft to plot the deed, and who usurped the power to execute it.

What pen can tell the conflict of thought and feeling which took place in those two thousand hearts and homes before the final decision was made. Follow them to their pleasant rectories in town and village, where the honeysuckle and jessamine entwined over the lattice-window and the porch ; where the ivy climbed on the old church tower ; where the garden and orchard smiled in plenty, and the cattle grazed upon the glebe. A pang has entered the heart of many a holy man, and pierced through him and his with many sorrows. 'And must I leave them all?' he thinks within himself. 'This pleasant study, and its books and memories ; this home to which I brought my bride, where my children have been born, and my best years have been spent ; the old church where I have preached Christ's holy Gospel ; the parish where I have laboured and am loved. Must I break all these tender ties ? Must I leave all for ever ? And yet I must, unless I conform, and conform I cannot. I cannot say and swear to that which I do not believe. I can keep my conscience though I lose my all beside. I can be true to God, though men be so false and cruel to me. And by God's help I will.'

The spirit in which they arrived at this resolution is best conveyed in their own words. 'I am at thy footstool,' said Rev. Samuel Birch, of Bampton, Oxfordshire, addressing the Almighty ; 'I am at Thy footstool. I may not do evil that good may come. I may not do this great sin against my God and the dictates of my conscience. I therefore surrender myself, my soul, my ministry, my people, my place, my wife and children, and whatsoever else is herein concerned, into thy hand from whom I received them. Lord, have mercy upon me, and assist me for ever to keep faith and a good conscience.' When in after days he was dying, he said to his daughter, 'I bless God with all my soul I did not conform.'

'I beg you will not interpret our Nonconformity,' said Mr. Atkin, 'to be an act of unpeaceableness and disloyalty. We will do anything for His Majesty but sin. We will hazard anything for him but our souls. We hope we could die for him, only we dare not be damned for him. We make no question, however we may be accounted of here, we shall be found loyal and obedient subjects at our appearance before God's tribunal.'

'Brethren,' said Mr. Lye, 'I could do very much for the love I bear to you, but I dare not sin. . . Let the God of heaven and earth do what he will with me, if I could have subscribed with a pure conscience, I would. I would do anything to keep myself in the work of God; but to sin against God, I dare not do it.'

'The plain question,' said Mr. Oldfield, who was ejected from a living in Derbyshire, 'which lies before me, O my soul, and in the right resolution whereof consists the comfort of suffering, or the duty of continuing at thy work, is, whether the conditions that are imposed be sinful or no. Sinful, I say; not only in the imposition of them, but in submission to them. Whether thou canst, without sinning against God, his Church, thy people, thy conscience and soul, all or any of these, submit to the present conditions of continuing in thy place and employment. . . Nor must thou do the least evil though the greatest good might come of it.'

'To declare my unfeigned assent and consent, &c.,' said Mr. Samuel Jones, a Welsh clergyman, when, seventy years of age, he reviewed the events of Bartholomew Day, 'to deny my former ordination, to swallow several oaths, and to crouch under the burden of the other impositions, were such blocks which the law had laid at the church's door, that, upon mature consideration, I could not, durst not then, and dare not now leap over—though to save my credit and livelihood, though to gain a dignity or preferment—without odious hypocrisy, and the overthrow of my inward peace, which is, and ought to be, dearer to me than my very life. To this choice I was then led, not by the examples of other leading men, nor with any design that others should be led by mine. This is the living testimony of, sir, your dying friend.'

Thus, rather than condescend to equivocation, or violate their consciences, they 'took joyfully the spoiling of their goods.' 'But how will you maintain your wife and ten children?' said some of the parishioners of Edward Laurence, of Baschurch, near Shrewsbury. 'They must all live,' replied the minister, on Matthew vi. 25: "Take no thought for your life. Behold the fowls of the air: your heavenly Father feedeth them." 'Ah! Mr. Heywood, we would gladly have you still preach in

the church.' 'And I would gladly preach, if I could do it with a safe conscience.' 'Oh! sir, many a man makes a great gash in his conscience; cannot you make a little nick in yours?'

The Sunday before Bartholomew Day, August 17th, 1662, the 2,000 clergymen, the most godly, and many of them the most influential, in city, town, and village, took a sad and affectionate farewell of their congregations. They pronounced the funeral orations over their own ministry. Henceforth they were to preach at their peril. No wonder immense crowds filled the churches while the words of farewell were pronounced, while court spies listened for something they might torture into treason. No wonder that thoughtful men trembled for the safety of the metropolis, lest those who sympathised with their ministers should avenge the wrong. No wonder the King anxiously awaited the issue, holding his myrmidons in readiness to repel a rising. But those godly men, aware of the peril, resolved that, so far as in them lay, the day should end, if in tears and sighs, yet without blood; and they subordinated every personal feeling to the spiritual good of those who listened. Thus Pepys mentions, that he went on this Sabbath to hear Dr. Bates's farewell sermon at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West. His text was, 'The God of peace,' &c. (Heb. xiii. 20, 21); 'he making a very good sermon, and very little reflexions in it to anything of the times. After dinner to St. Dunstan's again; and the church quite crowded before I came, which was just at one o'clock; but I got into the gallery again, but stood in a crowd. Dr. Bates pursued his text again very well; and only at the conclusion told us, after this manner: "I do believe that many of you do expect that I should say something to you in reference to the time, this being the last time that possibly I may appear here. You know it is not my manner to speak anything in the pulpit that is extraneous to my text and business; yet this I shall say, that it is not my opinion, fashion, or humour that keeps me from complying with what is required of us; but something, after much prayer, discourse, and study, yet remains unsatisfied, and commands me herein. Wherefore, if it is my unhappinesse not to receive such an illumination as should direct me to do otherwise, I know no reason why men should not pardon me in this world, as I am confident that God will pardon me for it in the next." And so he concluded.' Pepys mentions that another—'Parson Sterring'—read the story of Ananias and Sapphira, and after he had finished it, said, 'This is just the case of England at present. God, he bids us preach, and men bid us not to preach; and if we do, we are to be imprisoned and further punished. All that I can say to it is,

that I beg your prayers, and the prayers of all good Christians, for us.' 'This,' adds Pepys, 'was all the exposition he made of the chapter in these very words, and no more.'

At last the momentous day arrived; a day already branded with the infamy and scathed with the curse of ninety years before, when the Papists of France poured forth the life-blood of 30,000 or 40,000 Protestants, for which they won the execration of Europe and the applause of the Pope. The world was now to learn how 'the word of a King' on behalf of 'tender consciences' was broken, and how the word of good men was kept. No stores of learning, no high repute of private worth, no love of liberty, no eminence of Christian graces, saved those noble men; nay, these were their offence. If they had had less conscience, less religion, less morality, they would have been welcome to remain at the altars of the Church. But they were true to their own souls, and to Christ. The day of trial dawned upon 2,000 of the best sons of England in the possession of position and competence; it ended, and left them homeless and penniless, cast, with their little ones, on the care of Him who feeds the ravens when they cry. When that day closed, in the eye of the Church they were 'as if they were naturally dead.' When the next day dawned, every fifth church in the land was without a minister, and the congregations were as sheep without a shepherd, the pulpit given up a prey to hirelings, or to remain vacant, while TWO THOUSAND men, whose names and deeds are registered on high, and may not be forgotten on earth, resigned their homes and their altars, endured the loss of all things for conscience and for Christ, and turned out into the cold winds and pitiless sleet of a hostile Church and a heartless world.

'Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,
Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,
And cast the future upon Providence,
As men, the dictates of whose inward sense
Outweighs the world, whom self-deceiving wit
Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.'

WORDSWORTH.

'O my country! what a parricide was thine! What contests didst thou prepare for thyself! What delays hast thou set, by that deed, to thy destinies! How slowly art thou recovering from that wound! Let that day be darkness: let it not be joined unto the days of the year: let it not come into the number of the months!'

But the renunciation of their livings on Bartholomew Day was only the beginning of sorrows. The choice the ejected clergy had been called to make was, not between the Establish-

ment and Voluntaryism, between the parish Church and the Chapel, but between preaching in the Church of England and silence, between a living and poverty. Some, for a while, were allowed on sufferance to do as they would; but the mass were to be ministers no more. The King of kings had taught them His truth and love, and they could not but speak the things they had heard and seen: the earthly monarch commanded them to be dumb. Souls around were perishing for lack of knowledge, and saints needed instruction and consolation; but they might not enjoy it; for the Established clergy could not impart it, and the Nonconformists might not. Once more the followers of Christ had to make their choice. They were willing, at almost any sacrifice, to give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but they would not give to Cæsar the things which were God's. 'Whether it be right,' they said, 'to obey God rather than men, judge ye.'

The risks and suffering thus endured by the servants of Christ were severe and long continued. New forms of persecution were adopted. Informers were employed to stir up tumult, and then to charge it upon the Nonconformists. Fresh Acts of intolerance were passed to embitter the lot of those who would not conform, and they had to adopt various methods to evade their enemies. Thus, they assembled in lonely dells and thickets, sometimes guided to their appointed retreat by the light of the moon, or preferring the shelter of the darkness; while the minister would sometimes come many long miles in the night to meet the little band, and return home before daybreak. Or they would assemble in the retired courts and alleys of a town, frequently changing their places of meeting, setting a guard at the entrance to give notice of the approach of informers or soldiers, and making provision for escape by door or window. 'I have sometimes,' says one, 'been in Mr. Shaw's company for a whole night together, when we have been obliged to steal to the place in the dark, stop out the light and stop in the voice, by clothing and fast closing the windows, till the first daybreak down a chimney has given us notice to be gone. I bless God for such seasons.' Another records that they celebrated the Lord's supper, and 'sung a psalm with a low voice.'

'When the dwellings of Dissenters joined,' says Neal, speaking of the persecutions of the next reign, 'they made windows or holes in the walls, that the preacher's voice might be heard in two or three houses. They had sometimes private passages from one house to another, and trap-doors for the escape of the minister, who went always in disguise, except when he was discharging his office in country towns and villages, when they were admitted through back-yards or gardens into the house,

to avoid the observation of neighbours and passengers. For the same reason they never sung psalms, and the minister was placed in such an inward part of the house that his voice might not be heard in the streets; the doors were always locked, and a sentinel placed near them to give the alarm, that the preacher might escape by some private passage, with as many of the congregation as could avoid the informers. But notwithstanding all their precautions, spies and false brethren crept in among them in disguise; their assemblies were frequently interrupted, and great sums of money were raised by fines or compositions, to the discouragement of trade and industry, and enriching the officers of the spiritual courts.'

Sometimes these precautions were ignored, and all consequences dared. Pepys, though a High Churchman, recounts the pain he experienced at the sight of the sufferings of these unoffending men. 'I saw,' he says in 1664, 'several poor creatures carried by constables, for being at a conventicle. They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise, and not be caught.'

The results of the Ejection have been weighty and manifold to both the Establishment and the Nonconformists of this country. If the promised revision of the Prayer Book had been made in a conciliatory spirit, how different had been the subsequent history of the Church of England herself. There can be little doubt that the Puritans would have conformed, and that, instead of becoming the persecuted Nonconformists from her communion, instead of gradually becoming hostile to Episcopacy, to establishments, and to liturgies, they would have remained within the Church, would have kept in her bosom some warmth of vital godliness, would have preserved her from a night of spiritual death which brooded over her for ages, and would have anticipated that religious revival which Wesley inaugurated.

She preferred another course. She virtually expelled from her fellowship 'men who were among the most eloquent preachers, the most laborious pastors, the most learned divines, the most earnest Christians, the most successful messengers of Christ who have at any time ministered in the Church of England: men such as Baxter, Flavel, Howe, Owen, Poole, Allein, Calamy, Philip Henry, Gale, Bates. These men, at the head of 2,000 of the beneficed clergy, left their flocks, their pulpits, their homes, their glebes, and were driven out from that Church of their forefathers which was theirs by inheritance and by right. Disastrous indeed, to the interests of the Church of England, have been the consequences of that ill-advised and revengeful deed.'

When Bartholomew Day ended, there was little left in the pulpits of the Church besides proud and persecuting High Churchmen, and men of lax conscience and life, who, according to Episcopalian testimony, 'proved for a long time a very scandal.' As Neal tells us, 'Though all the striplings in both Universities were employed, a great many poor livings in the country had no incumbents for a considerable time.' And though two centuries have rolled away since that disastrous day, the Church still groans beneath the heritage of oppression she tried to lay upon others. The curse with which she sought to scathe others brands her own brow. The fetters with which she fain would have manacled the consciences of others, and the sight of which drove them into freedom, still chafe her own limbs and sear her own heart. For when, in our own day, a bishop in his place in Parliament confesses that he never yet knew a clergyman who believed the Thirty-nine Articles, to which they all have sworn their adhesion; when we hear of non-natural senses and of mental reservations in the very act in which all reservation is distinctly disclaimed; when we see the sophistries with which otherwise highminded men delude their own consciences; when we listen to the most solemn words falling from doubting lips and a misgiving heart; when we detect that moral paralysis which leads men, at the very altars of religion, to promulgate doctrines which shock the common honesty of the people, we behold only the reaping of a harvest of sin and sorrow of which 1662 was the seed-time. Verily, 'He that diggeth a ditch shall fall into it, and he that breaketh a hedge a serpent shall bite him.'

'How grievous was the wound,' says Archdeacon Hare, 'to the Church at the time! How grievous is it still at this day in its enduring effects! Two thousand ministers, comprising the chief part, it seems scarcely questionable, of the most faithful and zealous in the land, were silenced in one day—were severed in one land from their flocks—were cast in one day out of our Church, for the sake of maintaining uniformity. Moreover, after we had thus cast out so much faith, and zeal, and holiness, after that—to use an expression which has been applied less appropriately to a later event of far minor importance—we had in this manner almost cast out the doctrine of Christ crucified from the pale of our Church, we had to travel through a century of coldness, and dreariness, and barrenness, of Arminianism and Pelagianism, of Arianism and latent Socinianism—all which were found compatible with outward uniformity—before the spirit which was then driven away returned with anything like the same power. This strait

waistcoat for men's consciences could hardly have been devised, except by persons themselves of seared consciences and hard heart, by persons ready to gulp down any oath, without scruple about more or less. Verily, when I think of that calamitous and unprincipled Act—of the men by whom it was enacted, Charles II., and the aristocracy and gentry of his reign—of the holy men against whom it was enacted—it seems almost like a prologue to the profligacy and infidelity which followed closely upon it. While the Act of Uniformity thus cast out many of the best fish from the net, all the bad, all the careless, all the unscrupulous, all the unprincipled, may abide in it unmolested.'

Nor have the consequences of that day been less momentous to the Free Churches of England; consequences the opposite of those contemplated by the men who occasioned them. The King and his minions—ecclesiastical and lay—did their worst, but they were outdone. 'The meek inherited the earth.' Their enemies could exhume the bodies of those who had opposed them, and vent their rage upon the lifeless clay; they could pass tyrannical statutes; they could threaten and exact penalties; but there was something they could not do, and something they could not hinder. They could not coerce the consciences of these heroic men, and they could not hinder the very plots of persecution from extending freedom.

And so it proved. The seed of truth scattered over the soil of England, and watered by tears and blood, brought forth its harvest. In twenty years after the subsequent passing of the Act of Toleration, more than a thousand Nonconformist churches had been founded. Tyranny struck its heaviest blow, but its own hand was maimed by the shock. That which was designed to be a bastille of despotism, became a bulwark of liberty. Two thousand men of God were ordered to be dumb; and they rung out a clarion note for truth, that has sounded clearer and clearer across the silent centuries, and is now making a myriad breasts tremulous with its thrilling sweetness. A tragic scene opened, in which conspirators were manacled conscience and murdering freedom: it closed with a fresh emancipation of religion from court, cabinet, and prelate. From what seemed the midnight of the doom of liberty, there dawned a new day of glory, and there arose an army of 2,000 champions to vindicate to the death the rights of conscience and of Christ. How, then, was the wise taken in his own craftiness. The spoiler was spoiled. Captivity was led captive. The mighty were fallen, the weapons of war were perished.

Two hundred years have passed away since that Ejection, and the 24th of August next will be the Bicentenary Day. The

Nonconformists of 1862, claiming descent from the Nonconformists of 1662, considering that, while repudiating any monopoly in the matter, the right and duty of celebrating the event devolves in an especial manner upon them, for so thinking have been somewhat severely rebuked. Why so much asperity should be shown on the subject is not, at first sight, obvious. One might have thought that the Church of England would have shown little interest in a body of men who, two hundred years ago, were expelled from her communion. But we are now somewhat tartly told that we cannot be connected with the Nonconformists of 1662, because we do not hold the same opinions as to the province of the magistrate in matters of religion, on liturgies, and on some other points of ecclesiastical polity and practice.

In reply, we grant that there are differences; that, cradled in a State Church system, which had not long emerged from the iron tyranny and midnight gloom of Romanism, our fathers did not see all things as we see them, and sometimes beheld 'men as trees walking;' we concede that the progress of time has supplied fresh reasons for our dissent; that others have evolved logical and inevitable conclusions from their premises, and have expanded into a philosophy that which with them was an instinct. But the essential reasons which necessitated their Nonconformity compel ours: they believed that we may not give to Cæsar the things that are God's; that if man or magistrate intrude between conscience and Christ, he is to be resisted, and that no one may give his oath of assent to what he does not believe.

Besides, the genuineness of a lineage is not destroyed by the differences that may arise in the course of two centuries. 'A man is not less his grandfather's grandson because the resemblance between them falls short of identity.' There is scarcely any community that has not made some advance in the course of 200 years. It would be little to their credit if they had not. The present bench of bishops would not maintain all the opinions of Laud. The House of Commons is legitimately descended from the men who passed the Act of Uniformity, the Conventicle, and the Five Mile Acts. Our Sovereign Lady does not retain precisely the prerogatives of all her predecessors. 'If the view,' it has been well said, 'put forward by some were worth anything, our ancestors could have no descendants, and we could have no ancestors. Any difference of opinion would snap the chain of lineage, and we should be left, like Topsy, to say, "I 'spects I growed."'

Further, we do not now as individuals, nor as sister churches, hold absolute identity of opinion. We claim the right to differ. We have our various ideas on church architecture and liturgies,

on matters of church administration and constitution, and on the relation of the Church to the State. Nay, our fathers suffered not for uniformity, but for diversity and freedom. But though we have no stereotyped exactness of thought or action with our fathers or among ourselves, this does not make us less the brethren of the same family, or children of a common stock. The Nonconformists of 1662 suffered neither prince nor prelate to usurp supremacy over their conscience, nor to dictate to them the articles of their faith; nor do we. They demurred to declare their 'unfeigned assent and consent' to what they did not believe; and so do we. They refused to mystify themselves with words used in double senses, and stood by the 'plain, grammatical meaning' of the oaths they subscribed; and so do we. They paid the penalty of their Nonconformity; and so in some humble measure do we. Yet we disclaim the merit which they deserve. It is because with a great price they obtained this freedom, that we are free-born. In innumerable instances we occupy the sanctuaries which they founded, and reap the fruit of their labours, and tears, and blood.

At the same time we decline any monopoly in this celebration. Our object is apart from and higher than any mere denomination-ism. We do not render homage to the ejected as Presbyterians, Baptists, or Independents, but as MEN OF CONSCIENCE who illustrated the purity and vindicated the rights of conscience amid circumstances of peculiar trial, and who, by their fidelity, have transmitted to us inestimable advantages. Hence, 'no identity of ecclesiastical or theological faith,' says the manifesto of the Central United Committee, 'between the willing Nonconformists of 1862 and the forced Nonconformists of 1662, is required to give a meaning to such commemoration. It is not to the opinions, but to the conduct of the ejected, that the present is a fitting occasion to do honour. Their heroic spirit, not their convictions—their fidelity to conscience, not their articles of belief—their unswerving loyalty to their spiritual King, not their ideas on questions of church relations and church government—commend them to attention, to sympathy, to imitation, in these times. It is in reference to these high qualities of spiritual citizenship and patriotism that they, "being dead, yet speak;" and these mainly are the qualities the grand historical display of which calls for appropriate celebration.' So far, then, from aiming at a monopoly in this celebration, we invite all who can to share the reverend duty. We are glad that one clergyman has asked that the 24th of August may be gracefully signalised by the repeal of the Act of Uniformity, and that another calls for a commemoration of the event 'in some truly national manner.' 'I should gladly join,'

ne says, 'in any attempt to call public attention to the pernicious consequences of that wicked, unchristian, and schismatical act.' We even hold that there is a body of men who, far better than ourselves, could do honour to the memory of the Two Thousand. They stand by the same altars where the ejected once stood; they occupy the same relation to the High Church party, and endure the same antipathy; they cherish the same love of Evangelical doctrine and practice; they entertain the same objections to the Prayer Book; they repudiate the doctrine of baptismal regeneration; they deny that man can forgive sins; they have no 'sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life' of those who die impenitent; they object to 'priests' and 'altars'; they have petitioned for a revision of the entire volume: why should they not manifest the same tenderness of conscience, the same spirit of sacrifice, and commemorate the heroism of their fathers? 'The truest, fittest, sublimest celebration of the Bicentenary,' said the Rev. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, 'would be for the 8,000 or 10,000 of the Evangelical clergy who object to these services in the Prayer Book, but who maintain their ministerial office and their ministerial income by avowing their "unfeigned assent and consent" to all the book contains, to come out and to declare to the English people that they can no longer retain a position which they acquired by professing to appear what now, at least, they reject. We will promise them that if they now follow the example of the Two Thousand, become their genuine successors, we will cast our chapel-building schemes to the wind, and our Bicentenary Fund, which would soon be multiplied five-fold, shall be given with a hearty goodwill to help in erecting houses of worship for the clergy and congregations of the Free Church of England.'

We celebrate the ejection of the 2,000 *for their own sake*. 'At best we can do but little, very little,' it has been well said, 'in honour of their memory, compared with what they did for our liberty.' It is right that we should cherish the names and record the deeds of the good. It behoves us to ponder the example and listen to the voices of the sainted dead. It is but grateful that we should learn to whom, under God, we are indebted for the priceless blessings of the civil and religious liberty we enjoy. And as the years and centuries roll their solemn round, and time tends to fold all things in oblivion, it is the part of piety to celebrate the returning anniversary; and while we stand with uncovered head by the sacred dust of the heroes and martyrs of Christian liberty, we may learn more devoutly to bless God for their sake, and to bless them for our own.

We celebrate this anniversary *for the sake of others*. 'When I think of the state of the Church,' said one of the noblest of men, 'I could sit down, and pine and die.' And it must be confessed with humiliation, that the world has scarcely ever beheld more flagrant inconsistency than that which is notoriously practised by some of the clergy of a professedly Christian Church. When we find the same ordination vows taken, the same creeds endorsed, the same rubric subscribed, by men who intend to preach and who do preach essentially opposite doctrines; when we see Evangelicals, Romanists, and Rationalists, receiving the same revenues, and serving at the same altars, we must confess that the whole practice of subscription has become rotten at the core; that there must be some who are living lives of practical deceit; some who 'suppose that godliness is gain,' and 'who, through covetousness, with feigned words, make merchandise of souls.' We need, in an age of compromise and time-serving, and doubtful and dishonourable dealings, to bear a solemn testimony to those principles of integrity and spirituality which underlie the fabric of the Christian church. We need a moral demonstration that shall impress upon the public mind—yes, and upon the Christian and clerical mind—the awful authority of conscience, and the necessity of humble loyalty to its mandates. We need to flash upon some a sense of the falseness of their position, the perils of their equivocation, and that religion can never stand on the ruins of morality. We need, as perhaps our fathers never needed, the healthful sense of relief that is experienced when we turn from the pious frauds and guilty compromises of ecclesiastics, to the incorruptible integrity of those confessors of 1662, who were subjects of a 'kingdom which is not meat and drink, but righteousness.' Last and not least, we need to show that our own Nonconformity is not for crotchets, but for conscience.

We celebrate this Bicentenary *for our own sakes*. Let not this year pass away without leaving a salutary impression upon our own characters and lives. As we recall the deeds and example of the departed, let us not merely honour their names, but catch their spirit and emulate their virtues. Let us recognise, as we have never done before, the claims of conscience, the majesty of principle, the beauty and need of sacrifice for the interests of truth. Let the example of those grand unselfish men arouse us from our ease and apathy to some more earnest works of faith and labours of love for man and God. Let us guard with a holy jealousy the liberties—civil and religious—that have been won for us at so great a price, and let us transmit them, not diminished, but enlarged, to those who shall come after us. Let

us co-operate in the great projects which have been begun for giving effect and permanency to this commemoration. And if, in the daily vindication of our principles, we are called to endure some social dis-esteem or some worldly disadvantage, let us account it a glory that, in some humble degree and afar off, we are thus permitted to share the labours and the honours of the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, with the IMMORTAL TWO THOUSAND CONFESSORS OF BARTHOLOMEW DAY.

II.

SCIENCE AT THE SACRAMENT.—THEORIES OF THE HOLY COMMUNION.*

THIS is a remarkable book, regarded either from the Protestant or the Papist stand-point. It is a very remarkable book regarded from our own point of sight. It seems to be full of blasphemy; but then we know that that is a word of relation, and it may be maintained that that which is devout in intention to the speaker cannot be blasphemous in expression. But, however this may be, the *strong* meat of Popish doctrine nauseates strangely upon Protestant appetites. Truths and things which we handle distantly, and reverently, and fearfully, these priests have a prescriptive right to finger and to turn over and over, even as when people purchase food at the shambles. We believe that the reverence of Protestants for Mary infinitely transcends the Popish reverence. There is about the Popish regard an unholy and carnal familiarity very disgusting to pure minds; and so with reference to the real Presence, the Protestant is content to muse upon the symbols of the hallowed passion of our Lord, 'showing forth his death till he come,' even as they are renewed tokens and types of the communion of the body and blood of the Lord; but the Papist father, Dalgairns, in the instance before us, proceeds to take up the bread and wine, handles it, inspects it microscopically, treats it like a priestly chemist, and in the essay before us proceeds to discriminate and separate with scientific nicety the body of the Lord in the sacrament from the accidents of the bread, and the blood of the Lord in the sacra-

* *The Holy Communion; its Philosophy, Theology, and Practice.* By John Bernard Dalgairns, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri: Duffy.

ment from the accidents of the wine ; proceeds to show 'how a body of flesh and blood, remaining all that it is now without diminution of quantity, nay, without augmentation, is to be in thousands of places in the globe at once. Matter is, without stirring from its original point of space, to acquire numberless other localities at the same moment. The body of Jesus in heaven is spiritual, it is true ; yet it still has the property of matter.' Such language is very indecent. 'What is there contained,' exclaims our writer, 'in the little white circle of the little Host which the priest has held in his hand, and which he has given us ? First, there is the great dread Godhead.' Again, 'Let us remember that we must not for a moment suppose that our Lord's organs are imperfect in the blessed sacrament.' Again, 'All these thoughts will make us pause before we limit the power of Jesus over his own body and his soul in the holy eucharist. It may have inner senses and new vital powers, which may be divinely brought into play, and enable him to hold intercourse with us through more direct channels, and so to dispense with the aid of the outer organs of sensation.' This volume is strewn with indecencies of this kind ; but they are so patent to this literature of the Romish church—the luscious pruriency of an unhealthy and tropical fancy—that we should not think of noticing a book merely because it contained such. But this volume, which is really characterised by great scholarship, and even genius, and is the production of one of our Oxford converts, or perverts, is more remarkable for an effort it makes to readjust the philosophical ideas of matter, in order to meet the creed of the Popish communion ! 'What,' says Father Dalgairns, 'if we should find that for the last seven hundred years all professors of mental science have been, consciously or unconsciously, disputing about the blessed sacrament.' What, indeed ! Our readers do not need to be told that the inborn faculty—the curse of these men—is the taste for casuistry, the handling the plainest matters with subtle and occult speech. The work before us shows, we fancy, no ordinary amount of doubt and scepticism touching the real Presence in the sacrament. 'The sphere in which for the most part the wonders of transubstantiation take place, lies beyond the region of physical science.' When a proposition like this demands credence, and at the same time appends eternal damnation as the penalty of disbelief, when especially it exhibits no proof of real authority, it may well excite feelings quite the opposite of complacent belief ; so the writer travels back to the well-worn *Summa Theologia* of St. Thomas Aquinas. 'Give St. Thomas his view of substance and extention, and with it you can

construct the blessed sacrament. It is maintained that a body, like a spirit, can be unextended; that God can reduce it to a state of pure substance; and thus, its relation to the laws of space being removed, it at once partakes of some of the prerogatives of spirit; and thus the body of Jesus, in the blessed sacrament, ceasing to be extended, freed from the fetters which bound it to space and place, it is not so much in many places at once, it is no longer under the laws of locality at all.' Our writer thinks that the modern theories of matter harmonise with this ancient theory of St. Thomas. He traces rapidly, and we have read with interest, even while pitying their application, his sketch of the systems of Descartes and Leibnitz. The object of his sketch is to show how modern philosophy, by the lips of its great masters, Sir William Hamilton, Faraday, and Whewell, declares its ignorance of abstract matter, and our acquaintance alone with powers and forces. 'Why,' says Faraday, 'assume the existence of that of which we are ignorant, which we cannot conceive, and for which there is no philosophical necessity?' But the process of Dalgairns is very different. One might say he is a very Hegel or rather an Oken in his method. Thus, if 8-6-4-2-1 represent the dull, dead principles of which things are made, activity, shape, colour, and other qualities; the *substance* is matter, which is equal to 0, nothing; and, presto! out of this he gets the real presence. This is exactly and precisely the process of proof he adopts. It is quite interesting to see a really strong mind beneath the influence of a strong delusion. Indeed, we know not where we could lay our hand upon so notorious a piece of marvellous special pleading as our author's chapter entitled, 'Modern Theories of Matter;' but it is the vainest flourish of learning, well calculated indeed to impose at first on the ear, but instantly leaving the impression of utter hollowness.

The following is an illustration of the really lucid and striking manner in which the author can present a metaphysical subtlety:—

'There was a time, though we cannot remember it, when the world, with all its numberless moving figures, appeared to us nothing more than a great flat surface on which were thrown those varied hues, shifting like the colours caused on a wall by a magic lantern. The child, as it lies speechless on its mother's lap, and restlessly moves its little arms in the air, is beginning its education, and is learning that there is depth and distance in the picture before it. Its mind gives a unity to each object before it, and separates off into various substances that which appeared at first one confused whole; and no less than the infant is the chemist after all the glorious conquests of his science, indebted to his mind for the idea of substance, without which his whole theories fall to the ground. How else does he

know that beneath the veil of these evanescent phenomena, which he manages so cleverly, after he has changed over and over again colour, form, and every property, one after another, there is still an indestructible thing which he calls substance, or matter? What is this same mysterious thing, so real yet so fleeting, so inert and yet so active, so dead and yet so quick? Strange, plastic element, how obediently it lends itself to every force which God has created! how it thrills to the touch of light, electricity, and heat! how readily the brute, dead elements once imprisoned in primeval granite, obey the action of the vital force, and turn themselves into leaf and flower in the living organism of the plant! How wonderfully the self-same thing becomes blood or bone, or muscle, when it enters into the composition of the human body! Yet though we may watch its changes, the Proteus itself eludes all our efforts, and slips away just when we expect to force it to disclose its secret. It is with a sort of awe-struck reverence that we learn that all in this vast world; emeralds and rubies, and all resplendent gems; the dark earth beneath our feet and the glittering gold; all shapes wild, monstrous, and beautiful; the living plants, and human flesh; all are made out of some fifty elements; yet if we were to reduce them still further, we should not get nearer to the mystery of the ultimate analysis of matter. No atomic theory has yet approached it. Chemistry can only declare that, as far as it can see, atoms are undivided: whether they are absolutely indivisible or not, it cannot tell. That belongs to the science of mind, and mental science is at fault. It seems that infinite divisibility is a paradox; yet if matter is essentially extended, there can be no term to its division, since, however minute its particles, they must be still extended, and therefore divisible.'

But the plain man asks instantly, how this is to aid the dogmas of Rome. Granted that we only know phenomena; supposing our Lord's disciples to have understood him really when He said, 'Take, eat, this is my body;' did they not apprehend him then as including the phenomena, or, as the writer would say, the accidents in his declaration? Proving too much, our author proves nothing. We do not doubt that our Lord conveys himself substantially to his people—that is his life and his truth; but we will venture to say the doctrine of Rome never looked so paradoxical, false, and fraudulent as in this shifty effort to heal a fractured limb by Father Dalgairns. 'Throw an idea,' says the author, 'into the great logic-mill of the world, and you are sure to find out what it is made of.' He proceeds to show how in their rise or decline the great ideas of the fathers of modern philosophy have served the doctrine of transubstantiation. 'Descartes, bold, audacious spirit, who flung aside all tradition, started with universal doubt, and placed the criterion of certainty in consciousness alone. I think, therefore I am. Slender outfit for the ideal construction of the universe, imprisoning, hermeti-

cally sealing the spirit of man in its own consciousness: Leibnitz, who established the existence of necessary truths, and vindicated the mind, the power of intuition, thus throwing open the dungeon of the soul, that the pure air and light of heaven may stream upon it: all very happy as characterization of the systems, and we perhaps might think the author's argument of avail against the Pantheistic theories of Spinozism; but the whole course of the chapter is to show how modern science corroborates the idea of St. Thomas that the senses tell us nothing about the *substance* of bread, and that therefore they are not competent witnesses. The idea of substance comes not from the Cartesian notion of experience, as extension, but from the Leibnitzian notion of intuition. It is 'a necessary truth.' Very necessary to Rome, we doubt not; but whether a truth—well, about that also we doubt not. It is quite monstrous and shocking to all Protestant ideas of truth, and simplicity, and sincerity of speech, to find how the innate casuistry of a man's soul can pervert simple words from their meaning. The reader will be interested in reading the close of this specious argument. Dr. Faraday, as we have already quoted, says:—

'Now the powers we know and recognise in every phenomenon of the creation, the abstract matter in none: why then assume the existence of that of which we are ignorant, which we cannot conceive, and for which there is no philosophical necessity?'

Dalgairns says:—

'A more explicit testimony is not wanted, else I might go on to quote such an authority as the Master of Trinity, saying that this view of matter is "a consistent theory, and probably may be used as an instrument for investigating and expressing true laws of nature." The fact that in all modern treatises of mechanics and physics the definition of body as "that which affects the senses," is in reality attributing force to bodies as their essential property. However, enough has been said to prove my point, and I may now sum up.

'1. *It is absurd to say that the ever blessed doctrine of transubstantiation is a physical impossibility.* The vulgar view of matter on which this opinion is formed, is so far from being absolutely true, that it is held by men of the greatest intellect, both mental and physical philosophers, to be absolutely false.

'2. The dogma is not so based upon the philosophy which has passed away as to be unintelligible to men of the present generation. In terms of modern science the fact may be stated thus: *God, by His omnipotent power, takes away the forces which compose bread and wine, and substitutes for them the body and blood of Jesus, still miraculously causing the phenomena to remain. At the same time He takes away extension from the body and blood of our Lord, so that no obstacle remains to His being on tens of thousands of altars at once in Christendom.*

'Such is the fact! How it is accomplished is still an impenetrable mystery! Let us wonder and adore!'

It is impossible to forbear some feelings of contempt for the miserable casuistry by which Father Dalgairns defends the creed of his Church, and the elaborate effort he makes to sustain it still, by a return to the mediæval metaphysics, in the attempt to separate matter from form. Singular, too, so far as we can understand our writer at all, the very doctrine he avows is one of those for which Giordano Bruno was burnt, as involving, in its avowal, Pantheism. Certainly, if this wave of argument drifts in any direction, it drifts thither. The author, as earnestly as Berkley, cuts away all the qualities or accidents of matter, or body, and then that which remains—of which we know, according to modern philosophy, nothing—is that of which our Lord said, 'This is my body;' this is what he gave for the life of the world; this is the life of the church. If this is not the navigation of the Limbo of Vanity, what is?

And if our author's special pleading is not regarded, he says, 'We will not shrink from putting forward doctrines which peculiarly shock Protestants under pretence of fearing to scandalize them, such as the exclusiveness of salvation, and the jurisdiction of the church.' There is no arguing with these priests without being threatened with a hell beyond the earth, if there be not a faggot handy here.

But there are other topics in the book to which we turn more gratefully. It is eloquently written; and the author has an interesting chapter on the 'History of Communion' in the early ages of the church. He does not hesitate to show how in those times the Church, like the net, gathers the good and bad of every sort. The following passage eloquently brings before the eye of the mind the Fathers of the Desert:—

'There is a strange attraction to solitude in the Christian soul. None have ever made any progress in perfection without feeling a longing to break away from men, and to be alone with God. This yearning for solitude could not fail to show itself early in the history of the Church; and it might almost have been prophesied that it would appear first in Egypt. The Nile valley is but one narrow strip of green rescued out of the sandy desert. Close upon the beautiful cities swarming with life, centres of commerce for the Jew, of learning for the Greek, of easy living and frantic joy for every race under the sun, lay the sands of the dead, solitary wilderness. A Christian soul could not long withstand the temptation of flying away like a dove, of escaping out of this den of wickedness into the endless expanse of silent solitude. Not even the solemn chants and the gorgeous ceremonies of the majestic church of Athanasius could lure

the wanderer back. There was every requisite for a hermit life. In the two limestone ranges, on each side of the broad, resistless river, in the rocky walls of the gorges which brought the desert sands close upon the stream, were numberless caves, ready made for the solitary. Egypt was a country of ruins. The hermit could live in a tomb, sleeping with his head on a mummy for his pillow, as St. Macarius did once on his travels. He could find an old castle, once a Roman station, then a den of coiners, with St. Paul. Or, like the monks of Metanea, he could take up his abode in many a ruined temple, undistracted by the avenues of stony-eyed sphinxes looking down upon him in his prayers, or by the long processions of bright-coloured figures of Egyptian men and women on the walls. Or, if he went further into the desert, he might find an oasis, like that of St. Antony's, not far from the porphyry quarries, green with palm-trees, and with clear, murmuring water gushing from the rock. Above all, what is most to our purpose, he would, in almost all cases, be at no great distance from the many villages bordering on the Nile, or even from a town. The monks could thus combine two things apparently incompatible—the proximity of the Sacraments, and the solitude of the desert. Accordingly, we find numerous instances of priests coming to the monks to say Mass on Sunday, or the monks going to the village church to receive the Holy Communion. It is this which gives the peculiarly human character to the Fathers of the Egyptian Deserts. We read continually of their crossing the Nile in boats to sell their baskets of palm-leaves. They let themselves out as reapers in the harvest season, like Irish labourers. They are the consolation of the poor villagers in the mud hovels on the banks of the Nile. They kneel at the same altars, partake in their sufferings, and work miracles on their sick. They are continually converting whole villages of barbarian Copts and other heathens. Above all, their kind hearts could not bear to hear of poor creatures lost in sin. They are perpetually sallying out into some great, wicked town, and rescuing some unhappy Thais or Mary, bringing them back with them into the desert, to teach them to do penance, and to love God.'

In many similar pictures, admirably drawn, the writer brings before the eye the men and times of the distant and deceased ages of the old church. But the perusal of the volume leads us to remark that we do need, we believe, a spirit of more reverent regard in the celebration of the ordinance of the Lord's supper in most of our Dissenting churches, perhaps still more in its celebration in the churches of the Establishment, but with them we have nothing to do. The sacrament, if we may call it so unblamed, is the most hallowed and exclusive rite of Congregational churches. It is the most heraldic symbol and sign we possess. It was intended by our Lord to be so: the 'showing forth of his death till he come.' We may perhaps scarcely go so far as to say, 'God has chosen to bind forgiveness

to a sacrament.' A Papist might say that. In some sense the same thing is expressed by us; at any rate, the truth is expressed that 'God never forgives a sinner without at the same time infusing grace into the soul.' The symbols have too much, by the Protestant ritual, been regarded as the dumb emblems of the great Sacrifice. They are that—but they are more than that. How the dullest mind could ever have blundered over the words of our blessed Lord it is difficult to conceive. He said truly, 'My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed;' but it is instantly subjoined, 'It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life.' The end of the ordinance may be described to be identical with that for which John wrote his Gospel. The end was twofold: 'that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, and that believing, ye might have life through His name.' The method, then, has been very various. Rome has turned the service to the purposes of superstition. Presbyterianism has turned it to a cold hard service of fencing the tables, and preaching. In our Establishment it has become a mere service of thoughtless indifference. The Plymouth Brethren turn it to the score of mere familiarity. It is most surprising that there should be Christians, like the Society of Friends, who reject it altogether; yet it is most easy to understand how this service is more to the believer than any other. It is nutritious to the soul. As it is the tendency of Christianity to increase all the mystical fervour of the human soul a thousand-fold, so it is also the province of the hallowed supper to meet the spirit, and to give to it the sense of seclusion in its kindred society, and peace and rest. But our systems have been too rigorous, too seclusive. We have made the participation in the ordinance to depend too much upon a right and methodical catechetical knowledge. We have been too desirous of exposing the inner frames and feelings of the catechumens to the whole church. We have made it, in fine, difficult to commune; and we have made communion a rare rather than a blessed occasion. It has become with us, we believe, less and less a very sacred season in our church. It has become an appendix to some other service, and has been hurried over, or thrust into some afternoon hour, and too usually accompanied with the sense of weariness rather than elevated devotion. All these are things for which rules cannot prescribe; improvement will only grow by the growth principally of pastoral piety, and by the more eminent piety of the leaders of the church. Especially the question recurs, What is the limit, what are the limits of communion? We incline to think our times require, nay, the state

of souls has always required, a much broader basis of church fellowship than that in practice now among our churches. It is indeed to be feared that many worldly, very worldly, commune; in fact, perhaps more of these come than of those who are held back by a sense of their own imperfections. There is an instinct in the church that the communion is more than fellowship; that it is power; that it is the communion of the life and death of the Lord. There are some words in the following tender passage from the pen of Dr. Dalgairns, which our thoroughly Protestant natures will read very differently to his intention in penning; but, on the whole, how heartily we respond—the whole church responds—to the words.

Thus, then, we can trace the operations of that wondrous life. We know what He is doing. So passionately does he love earth and its guilty race, that He comes down from heaven to live over again the life He lived on earth. He adapts Himself to all the wants and circumstances of the souls which come before Him. When a sinner approaches to kneel before Him, He is again at once the Good Shepherd. From the depths of the tabernacle there come to our hearts sweet whispered words such as He spoke to the woman of Samaria by Jacob's well. No noontide sun can now fatigue Him with its burning rays, no thirst can parch His lips, and make Him long for the cool, clear water. Instead of being beneath the cloudless, Eastern sky, pouring down its fierce light upon the mountains of Ephraim, He is on His altar in the tranquil church. But His heart is the same. The lights and shadows on the hills, covered with vines and olives, the solitary valley, the expanse of green corn, and the gushing fountains are nothing to Him now. But the thirst for souls remains. How many human beings stained with sin like that guilty woman come to Him there! Yet, though He is God, they do not shrink from pouring out before Him the tale of all their guilt, which they would rather die than have known by their nearest and dearest on earth. He knows it all already, and He tells them so with such kindness from the Blessed Sacrament, that He wins them back to Himself, and pours unmerited peace on their passion-stricken hearts. How many a mourner comes to Him, and He soothes them as He was wont to do upon earth! He whispers to them that He it was who sent the affliction, who took their dear ones away, and can they doubt that it was in love? Is not He to them father, mother, brother, sister, spouse? Oh! blessed Lord, earth would be unbearable if Thou wert not with us in the Blessed Sacrament. Life, with all its temptations and sorrows, with the chance of hell at the end, would be too awful if Thou didst not live amongst us.

Above all, this gives us a clear notion of what is Holy Communion. It is the union with the living Jesus, and its result is the infusion of the life of Jesus into us. What a comment is all this upon the words of Jesus—"He that eateth me shall live by me." "I am the Bread of Life." "My flesh is meat indeed, and my

blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, the same shall live by me." When I think of Holy Communion, I can only look upon it as the antitype to the miracle of old, when the Prophet stretched himself upon the child, and applied his mouth, eyes, and hands on the mouth, hands, and eyes of the dead. His Heart is applied to ours, and communicates to it that fire which he longed so touchingly to kindle upon earth. No earthly union can compare with this blending of two lives into one, this infusion of the life of Jesus into ours. O Lord Jesus, evermore give us this Bread, that we may live for ever; since the Bread which Thou dost give us is Thy flesh, which Thou hast given for the life of the world.'

To turn back to the purpose of this volume. Strange that the heart that could indite this tender passage should, in such a volume, upon such a subject, find it necessary to traduce Protestantism in England so vilely as in some of his pages: thus he says, 'The British God has always a tendency to be a tyrant. Heaven defend us from such a God as this, a second edition of Sivan the Destroyer!' Our author's church gives to him the authority to say such things; and in truth we hate Rome so heartily, that we are glad to find them in a book from an author of whom we would desire to speak well.

III.

WILLIAM PITT.*

AT last the task of writing the life of the great statesman has fallen to hands industrious and able, and from their relationship fitted to sympathise with and to possess themselves of all the available material for the performance of the duty. The distinguished author brings to his subject a mind well informed upon all the matters immediately and even remotely related to the period in which his hero moves. His tastes and studies have already received a large share of favour and appreciation. If he is not a brilliant writer, he is a very conscientious one; and

* *Life of the Right Honourable William Pitt.* By Earl Stanhope. Author of the 'History of England from the Peace of Utrecht,' and Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. Four vols. John Murray.

if he does not charm his readers by his own disquisitions, or vivid penmanship of a narrative conceived in his own mind, he is always interesting. He is more concerned to place persons and things in the light of their own characters and the events of their own lives, than in the light of his own impressions of those events. These volumes exhibit great faithfulness and great diligence. They have the advantage of laying before the public for the first time important documents, not only hitherto unpublished—documents only accessible to the writer—but most essential as exhibiting all the peculiarities and difficulties of Mr. Pitt's positions. The reader now has admission into the secret cabinet. He will see in these volumes the hitherto concealed springs of many actions or of many reserves. The letters and notes of George III. are especially important: they illustrate not only the character of the monarch, but the influence of the monarch, not only upon his ministers, but through them on the politics of his times.

The time has come for such a work as this, too: it was impossible that it should have been written earlier. The writer must have lived too near the great actors. Pitt's life indeed has been attempted, but the object of a biographer, surely, is as far as possible to preserve a life. Dr. Prettyman—Pitt's tutor, whom the great statesman, before he completed his twenty-eighth year made Bishop of Lincoln, and Dean of St. Paul's—'showed his gratitude,' says Lord Macaulay, 'by writing a life of his disciple which enjoys the distinction of being the worst biographical work of its size in the world.' We congratulate Earl Stanhope upon preserving and not attempting the life of his illustrious kinsman: and now people are desirous of studying the features of that distinguished man, and scrutinizing with more patience and temper the principles of his policy. What, and who, was this Pitt? In the way of clear and concise summary nothing can be added to the masterly sketch of Lord Macaulay; yet, perhaps, that portrait is drawn by a hand too much influenced by whig partizanship, a hand scarcely sufficiently tolerant to the difficulties of the statesman's position.

Who, and what, again we ask, was this Pitt? His shadow has overawed men and nations, but the lineaments of the likeness are by friends and by foes apparently unknown. Would it be possible to lay the hand upon any great public actor of our times, and say this man is a disciple or a representative of that great master? His name has usually been associated with all extremities of despotism, with the most coercive illiberalities of administration. Yet there is scarcely a liberal measure of politics—perhaps not one of the great measures obtained in our time—for

which he did not lift up his voice ; and upon some of them he perilled his position, and resigned his administration. He was one of the first to favour the Abolition of the Slave Trade, and the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts ; he lifted up his voice in favour of Parliamentary Reform, and he was a willing disciple of some of the advanced principles of Free Trade. Finally, he was in favour of an equitable settlement of the Roman Catholic Question, although he very judiciously refused to use the word emancipation, as involving a statement false in intention and expression. The times in which he lived were painfully singular ; they drew forth into distinctiveness and exaggeration powers which, had they been trained only in the cultivation of the arts, and the times of peace, would have made him the idol of his own age, as he surely was its admiration and terror, and as he surely is the admiration and marvel of ours.

These volumes are called 'The Life of Pitt ;' they are so ; but the life of such a man has no privacy. He had no domestic life. He was never married ; never had children : his private friendships were all related to his public career. Every action was inwrought with the texture of the life of the nation : hence the Life of Pitt is almost as much the chronicle of the ways and doings of the men who opposed him, or the men who allied themselves with him. His life was, as such a life always is, a career lofty and conspicuous. He moved ever as on some commanding and elevated course, observed by the thronging multitudes of the great nations of Europe ; even in his momentary retirement a subject for observation and scrutiny ; his ears perpetually deafened by the roar of popular hatred, or the blaze of popular triumph. How important for such a career to be very greatly insensible to the charm of the one or the alarm of the other ; and this was at once Pitt's greatness and weakness ; cold indifference, which sometimes could be roused to haughty defiance. He had high principles ; but it would be very difficult, we believe, to convict him of the possession of any generous affections. He had, therefore, no weak tendernesses ; he was like a law of nature, immovable and inexorable. The glory and the safety of such a man was that he had, in combination with this inflexible force of character and will, no dangerous passions, no great vices. This Achilles does not seem to have been vulnerable in either heel ; in this, quite unlike his great rival, Fox, and equally superior to his, and to England's great enemy, Napoleon. Napoleon, indeed, had inflexible will, but it raged, and burnt, and blazed in an atmosphere of passion and vehemence. Pitt, with the addition of his magnificent and unsurpassed eloquence, greatly resembled, in some of the qualities of

his mind Wellington, and the great soldier thought him the greatest statesman our country had known.

As our theology permits us to see a Providence in the rise of great statesmen, we can have no hesitation in saying that the appearance of such a man as Pitt in our country at such a perilous moment in our history must be regarded as a national salvation. There were circumstances in our national affairs peculiarly resembling those of France, nor is it difficult to conceive a turn of politics which in the overthrow of our monarchy might have handed over the world to vandalism, to anarchy, and despotism.

Those were the days, as our readers well know, of George III. The documents published in these volumes will not diminish the reader's respect for the mere personal virtues and character of that sovereign; at the same time, the reader's eye will be more enlightened to the fearful hazards of the nation from the occupancy of the throne. The documents add nothing to the actual impression before received: a plain, simple, country gentleman, not far removed from the character of the first following well-known line of Byron, though scarcely deserving the severity of the last:—

‘A better farmer ne’er brushed dew from lawn:
A worse king never left a realm undone.’

In fact, the King was no statesman. He had some shrewdness, but no vision. He had that force of character which always accompanies imperturbable obstinacy, and he had that simple dignity which always accompanies good intentions, even when they find themselves complicated by the most stupid and bungling performances. It by no means follows that his mind was weak because it was often overthrown; still, it could never be called a strong mind. Its very conscientiousness was sometimes, instead of a strength, a weakness. No doubt the fear of the accession of Papists to power, by, as the King supposed, the violation of his own coronation oath and the principles of the British Constitution, was, on one occasion, the cause of his temporary derangement. Such a calamity commands our homage, while at the same time it commands our regret, if hands so weak should have to hold the reins of restive and headlong affairs. Some instances occur in the volume of a half-frightened kind of humour, thus:—

‘In January died at Windsor, very suddenly, from an attack of gout in the stomach, the Earl of Rosslyn, better known as Lord Loughborough. Connected with his death there is a curious story which Lord Brougham and Lord Campbell have already told. It

seems that when the tidings were brought to Windsor Castle, the King himself examined the messenger. He inquired again and again whether it might not be a false report. "Are you quite sure," he repeated, "that Lord Rosslyn is really dead?" When assured that the fact was certainly so, and that there could be no mistake about it, His Majesty felt free to exclaim, "Then he has not left a greater knave behind him in my dominions!"

We believe all the King's views were conscientious; but they were very narrow. He could look neither to the right hand nor to the left. He had no love for bad men, but he had for little men. Addington (Lord Sidmouth), a name remembered to be despised by all Dissenters, and Scott (Lord Eldon) were always far greater favourites with him than Pitt. Pitt overawed him. The King was glad to lean upon him in a time of emergency, but he was more at home with lesser men. He knew that Addington and Scott would propose no troublesome measures, would suggest no casuistries to his conscience about removing disabilities from his subjects. In quiet, jog-trot times, although, alas, few of His Majesty's years can receive that designation, he proceeded quietly on with these men and their cabinet of disaster and dullness; but when Napoleon was to be overawed and driven back, and the nation roused, not only to defiance, but to discipline, then he was very glad to avail himself of counsels on whose strength he could lean with confidence. George III. was eminently a king calculated to drive a nation to desperation. He was far from being a cruel prince, but he was a very despotic one. He could not heal differences; he could not conciliate; he could misunderstand; but he could never forgive. His convictions came rather from education and habit than from conscience; and if we sometimes admire the apparent reality and depth of these feelings, this admiration is diminished by the invariable perception that they are always isolated; that they know no sympathy: whether they sink with character or rise with principle, they alike become narrow and lonely. Thus, if the selfishness of the King becomes respectable, as being, in truth, not the result of a grovelling character, it becomes fearful as the very type of that character which creates the causes of revolutions, and becomes instantly the victim of them. William Pitt arose, and stood between this despotism of character and its probable doom. When he arose, the master-mind of legislation, events were gathering to a fearful head in Europe. The strong hand of Pitt not only steadied the throne, it saved it and the King, probably, from conflagration and ruin.

Charles James Fox was an important element in the national affairs of his day. If we say that the King represented a deter-

mination to despotism, it will be a very difficult thing to draw the line between the opinions and the practices of Fox and those of vehement democracy. To this, at any rate, they certainly tended, by a sure determination, and at a period in our history when there was especial danger in the neighbourhood to such a fearful proclivity. In Fox there is little that commands our homage, nothing that commands our reverence. There is much that claims our affectionate sympathy, and even our esteem. How keen and how rich must his sensibilities have been. His conversation was very full and flowing. His friends speak of the delight of sitting with him beneath the cedars he planted at St. Ann's. Mr. Rogers spoke to him of the delight of lying on the grass, with a book in one hand, all day; and we are told that Fox answered, "Yes; but why with a book?" and we hear of his exclaiming, from time to time, "Oh! how fine a thing is life:" "Oh! how glorious a thing is summer weather." But he was a man of many vices, and even his principles were chequered by his vices. He was, more than Pitt, we believe, a vehement partisan. From the charge of great rashness, we think, he can scarcely be exonerated. We believe he had in him much of the character of Mirabeau. We almost believe he might, but for the hand of Pitt, have done the work of Mirabeau. We can sympathise with his burst of rapturous joy at the fall of the Bastille, but that the following events of the French Revolution should have extorted from his heart no indignation, and from his lips no condemnation, is amazing. There was much facility in his expression of feeling; there was much apparent generosity; but there are not wanting records which show how impervious he was to feeling when it does seem there was a very fitting opportunity for the display of it. He was the representative of popular rights. His father, and the great Chatham, the father of his illustrious rival, had both occupied the same relations in the Commons which were now renewed in their sons. No doubt much of their relative character is due to the influence of early education. Fox was nurtured in the arms of caprice. It is marvellous that beneath such injudicious training, or no training, his mind acquired any proportion at all, and speaks much for its native health and strength. The education of Pitt, on the contrary, was carefully watched by his father, and every effort was made to give to it temper, stability, and tone. All his life Fox was a self-indulgent, spoilt, wilful, headlong, but athletic, affectionate child; and Pitt was all his life the careful, and prudent, and sagacious man; his left hand steadying the throne, or holding back the Sovereign from an unwise assertion

of prerogative ; his right hand repelling the dangerous advances of his rival and his democratic principles : for there can be little doubt, we think, now, of the danger of trusting Mr. Fox ; his violent Protectionist policy, his close friendship with the Prince of Wales, and his amazing doctrine with reference to the rights of the Prince, when he appears to have acted in concert with men who walked upon the very ridge of treason, compel our doubts.

Lord Stanhope brings very vividly before our eye these two great rivals :—

‘In able hands the pen may be almost as graphic as the pencil. Thus, for instance, does Horace Walpole describe the eloquent framer of the India Bill, about the very time when that Bill was framed : “Fox lodged in St. James’s Street ; and as soon as he rose, which was very late, had a levee of his followers, and of the members of the gaming-club at Brooks’s—all his disciples. His bristly black person and shagged breast quite open, and rarely purified by any ablutions, was wrapped in a foul linen night-gown, and his bushy hair dishevelled. In these Cynic weeds, and with Epicurean good humour, did he dictate his politics, and in this school did the Heir of the Crown attend his lessons and imbibe them.” The value of this portrait is enhanced from the judgment formed upon it by one of Fox’s relatives and most warm admirers—his nephew, Lord Holland. He speaks of it as, of course, a strong caricature ; “yet,” he adds, “from my boyish recollection of a morning in St. James’s Street, I must needs acknowledge that it has some truth to recommend it.”

‘Take as a side-piece the portrait of Pitt as he appeared in 1783 to a Member of Parliament who was garrulous and inexact, and extremely sore as disappointed in his hopes of office, but still keen-eyed and observant. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, to whom I am referring, speaks as follows : “In the formation of his person he was tall and slender, but without elegance or grace. In his manners, if not repulsive, he was cold, stiff, and without suavity or amenity. He seemed never to invite approach, or to encourage acquaintance ; though when addressed he could be polite, communicative, and occasionally gracious. Smiles were not natural to him even when seated on the Treasury Bench. . . . From the instant that Pitt entered the doorway of the House of Commons, he advanced up the floor with a quick and firm step, his head erect and thrown back, looking neither to the right nor to the left, nor favouring with a nod or a glance any of the individuals seated on either side, among whom many who possessed £5,000 a-year would have been gratified even by so slight a mark of attention. It was not thus that Lord North or Fox treated Parliament.”

‘In vigour of frame, as in outward aspect, the two statesmen differed greatly. The health of Pitt, as I have shown, was very delicate in his early youth, and it again became so ere he had passed the

prime of manhood. Fox, on the contrary, had been gifted by nature with a buoyant spirit and a most robust constitution. For a long time even his own irregularities could not impair it, and he used to say that a spoonful of rhubarb was sufficient remedy for all the bodily ills that he had ever known. As a proof of his youthful vigour, it is recorded by tradition at Killarney, that at twenty-two years of age he twice swam round a lake upon a mountain summit, of large extent, and of icy coldness, called "the Devil's Punch-Bowl." Mr. Herbert, of Mucross, was his host on that occasion; and it is added, that some months afterwards, meeting that gentleman in London, he asked him, "Pray, tell me, is that shower I left at Killarney over yet?"

The strength of a great nation grows by the development, side by side, of the two apparently opposite principles of *permanence* and *progress*; principles apparently opposite, but really united. And we may regard great statesmen from this centre; as they have aided permanence or progress. In every step an equipoise of these two ought to be maintained. Progress is the law of permanence; permanence is the law of progress; or rather, both are the modifications of one law—even as the root of the oak is related to the wide-spreading branches—the development of all things till they have reached maturity. The welfare of a State depends upon both of these. Beneath these two denominations lie the great parties of our country; parties which must exist in all States where the people rise to majesty and to power: the so-called Whig and the Tory. The Tory is the Conservative statesman of permanence: the Whig is the expanding statesman of progress. The one is as necessary to the welfare of a State as the other. All the greatest movements of English statesmanship have been characterised by these two: permanence and progress in combination. It was the curse of the age of Mary that she required permanence without progress: Elizabeth aided both. Burleigh was a great statesman—cautious, wary, and slow—but how safe. These prudent statesmen are not enthusiasts; and the last place in which we could wish to see an enthusiast, is in the Cabinet. We should mourn the necessity which called him there, and feel that his presence was most hazardous, and that in his work there he might either plunge the nation down the steep gulf of ruin, or adopt the happy expedient by which she might be advanced from lethargy to freedom and happiness. But nations need tonics, and a great statesman is not unfrequently a bitter draught. Of course both become the tools of corruption. Despotism is the statesmanship of permanence in a state of disease. There is a story told of a gentleman who returned from India in company. Some person mentioned to him the House of Commons. 'Ah!'

said he, 'is that going on still?' Despotisms cannot imagine what we want with Houses of Commons; they do not know how to manage them; they cannot comprehend how they can give any vitality to a State. Despotisms are consequently in a state of fear, anxiously agonising, and dreading change, and recoiling from the growing branch among the emasculating-leaves of the ivied and the crumbling wall. But democracy is the statesmanship of progress in a state of disease. It is power unharnessed and unguided, revolting against incompetency of rule, and wildly and hurriedly rushing forth to the foggy uncertainties and mad plunges of anarchy. They both demand our pity, and they both are neighbours. The collapse of either, by over-straining, produces its opposite, and produces all the evils against which it is a protest. Hence we have seen the shuddering people huddled beneath the ancient towers of a feudal cruelty; crushed by the falling walls; enfeebled by the thick horrid breath of the black hole of despotism. Then comes inevitable the reaction from all this; and we have seen the infuriated people, torch in hand, kindling the rotting pile, the crumbling structure, and darting forth on their way, wild and mad, foaming and frensied, through all the horrid fiery passes of black, horrid despair; till the strong armed soldier, born in their own ranks, fronts them with his individual will; decimates their hosts; harrasses, handcuffs, chains, shoots, and Cayennes them; while pitying peoples sorrow to behold the work of ages thrown away, and all to begin again. Different indeed is the result where strength is not afraid of growth; where stability asserts itself by a fearless homage to enlightened opinion, and where the genius of the Constitution becomes venerable by the graces of ancestral wisdom, and terrible by the majesty of youthful vigour. It is impossible not to indulge in some such reflections as these in reading these volumes. It was a period in our nation's history when permanence was of first moment and consideration; and it is impossible not to judge of the two great statesmen, Pitt and Fox, by this distinction. At the same time these volumes abundantly show how desirous the subject of them was to advance, if it were possible, the cause of freedom, not less than to add to the munitions of stability. In these reflections, however, we have attempted to estimate the ground Pitt occupies in our history, and the work he was called to do; how he stood between the two perverted views of the English Constitution: the King's, to whom it was in danger of becoming mere prerogative; and Fox's, to whom it was in danger of becoming licentiousness.

Of course the reader of these volumes will have abundant opportunities of noticing a very different order of men to these: those men who, in virtue almost of their utter littleness, were constantly able to procure for themselves some share of notice and place. There are dodgers in all empirical legislation, ready at any time to run the nation to any risks for a ribband. We all know very well the race of the Tadpoles and the Tapers among statesmen: men of nostrums, and of universal panacea. But there is another class still; the men who live to strut through their own little hour and fancy; the welfare of the world consists in their keeping in their own pocket the piece of red tape. So long as they could keep their own little justiceship they were happy. They concerned themselves little with the great questions, for they were unable to comprehend them, except as they were wrapt up in very little questions. And it has happened, as we know, with such, that they have been elected to manage the affairs of a great nation, one would suppose, because they had failed to manage successfully a small country estate. Such men need all the glitter and surroundings of things because they have none of its realities. They have to remind you of their place before you know it; like Prince George of Denmark, who, when with Anne in some procession, feared he might be forgotten. 'For heaven's sake!' said he, 'remember, gentlemen, that I am Prince George, at any rate.' It would perhaps be going too far to say that Addington himself belonged to this order; but certainly his brother and brother-in-law, Hiley Addington and Charles Bragge, were of this order. Both of these men, although the poorest tools, had been raised to the rank of Privy Councillors. The one was named Joint Paymaster of the Forces, and the other Treasurer of the Navy, and for this they were expected to strain their lungs in the defence of their brother. To this Canning alludes in his well-known satiric stanzas.

'When the faltering periods lag,
Or the House receives them dryly,
Cheer, oh, cheer him, brother Bragge!
Cheer, oh, cheer him, brother Hiley!

'Each a gentleman at large,
Lodged and fed at public charge,
Paying, with a grace to charm ye,
This the fleet, and that the army.

'Brother Bragge and brother Hiley,
Cheer him when he speaks so vilely;
Cheer him when his audience flag,
Brother Hiley, brother Bragge.'

It was to this pair also Mr. Canning alluded in a sally of wit written when block houses were in progress to fortify the approaches of the Thames.

‘If *blocks* can from danger deliver,
Two places are safe from the French :
The one is the mouth of the river,
The other the Treasury bench.’

We have, in these pages, the record of some great rascals in the government of those times. Among these was Thurlow, who, although in the Cabinet with Pitt, meditated a treason against him and against the King, purposing to elevate the Prince of Wales to the Regency, and to secure the dismissal of Pitt from the ministry ; but when it seemed probable that the treason could not succeed, from his place in the Lords he dwelt, as Chancellor, on his feelings of grief and gratitude, working himself up to those celebrated words, ‘And when I forget my King, may my God forget me.’

‘It seems scarcely possible to exaggerate the strong impression which this half-sentence made. Within the House itself the effect was not perhaps so satisfactory. Wilkes, who was standing under the throne, eyed the Chancellor askance, and muttered, “God forget you ! He will see you d—— first !” Burke at the same moment exclaimed, with equal wit, and with no profaneness, “The best thing that can happen to you !” Pitt also was on the steps of the throne. On Lord Thurlow’s imprecation, he is said to have rushed out of the House, exclaiming several times, “Oh, what a rascal !” ’

But like many another piece of dishonest clap-trap, the words flew from mouth to mouth, scattered over England, printed round portraits and wreaths, embossed on snuff-boxes, and embroidered on pocket-books. They were regarded as the brave saying of an honest man by those to whom his intrigues were unknown.

In the few pages we can devote to such a subject, it is impossible to do more than glance at two or three of the more striking features of this remarkable life ; but certainly it is impossible not to notice, and, noticing, not to marvel at the astonishing fact of the extreme youth at which this great man reached the maturity of his powers and influence. Poor ; for his possessions do not seem to have been more than about £300 per annum. The purchase of chambers and a horse were serious topics of consideration and management to him, the son of such a father as the great Earl of Chatham. Himself a student for the law, with the prospect before him of the bar for a profession, and for the means of securing and rising in life, it was not surprising that the House of Commons should instantly

suggest itself as the arena, the hereditary arena for his ambition and his talents. The lessons of his father had all very naturally pointed in that direction. There he had achieved his world-wide renown. From that place he had hurled those immortal thunders and flashed those lightnings which will be glowing traditions as long as history records our country's annals; where his favourite son was to be the heir of his greatness, and who was in his own right so far to eclipse and transcend it. Pitt, the elder, was the most famous of living men: he guided victory to her fields abroad, and he held in awe and subjection the factions at home. It is not a delightful thing to read the history of our country's administrations before his: it was the age of corrupt statesmanship. Walpole—Robert Walpole—said, as we all know, that every man had his price: indeed, it would seem to be so. When Pitt rose to the administration, England was humbled to the dust. Walpole had fallen before a faction. Walpole did a great and noble work. He could not do it with clean hands; but he maintained, in an era of great difficulty, the Protestant Succession, and in the midst of the cabals around him he did support the glory of England as a free country. But his fall was the signal for a disunion among public men, and supineness in the Monarch.

Pitt not only awakened the country to a new sense of power and grandeur, but perhaps, like his son, he was too ostentatiously incorruptible. Well, they were lessons much needed among statesmen. It is true, power and place are ambitions as dangerous as gold; but by the last, in a most eminent degree, the father and the son were unstained. The father, not a favourite with the Sovereign, soon sunk into retirement from which no voice could call him; and there he spent many of the closing years of his life in teaching his son those arts by which legislative assemblies are ruled, and storing his mind with those magnificent words of the ancients in which are enshrined not only the lessons which instruct, but the words that endue the soul.

Thus accoutred, he carried into the House not merely the *prestige* of a great name, but a singularly cool and disciplined mind, furnished with that lore in those days well calculated to tell upon the assembly gathered there. Earl Stanhope says:—

‘Never, says Bishop Tomline, were higher expectations formed of any person upon his first coming into Parliament, and never were expectations more completely fulfilled. The silvery clearness of his voice, his lofty yet unassuming demeanour, set off to the best advantage his close and well arrayed though unpremeditated arguments, while the ready selection of his words, and the perfect

structure of his sentences, were such as even the most practised speakers often fail to show. Not only did he please, it may be said that he astonished the House. Scarce one mind in which a reverent thought of Chatham did not rise.

'No sooner had Pitt concluded, than Fox, with generous warmth, hurried up to wish him joy of his success. As they were still together, an old member, said to have been General Grant, passed by them and said, "Aye, Mr. Fox, you are praising young Pitt for his speech. You may well do so; for, excepting yourself, there is no man in the House can make such another; and, old as I am, I expect and hope to hear you both battling it within these walls as I have heard your fathers before you." Mr. Fox, disconcerted at the awkward turn of the compliment, was silent and looked foolish; but young Pitt, with great delicacy and readiness, answered, "I have no doubt, General, you would like to attain the age of Methuselah!"'

Still more emphatic was the praise of Mr. Burke when some one in his presence spoke of Mr. Pitt as a chip of the old block. Burke exclaimed, 'He is not a chip of the old block; he is the old block itself!' Instances are recorded of the wonderful ease and ready self-possession with which, instead of being disconcerted by irritating circumstances, he availed himself of them for the purpose of adding to his spleen, as thus, in the following well-known anecdote:—

'Lord George Germaine had taken occasion two days before to declare that, be the consequences what they might, he would never consent to sign the independence of the colonies. Lord North, on the contrary, had shown strong symptoms of yielding. Pitt was inveighing with much force against these discordant counsels at so perilous a juncture, when the two Ministers whom he arraigned drew close and began to whisper, while Mr. Welbore Ellis, a grey-haired placeman, of diminutive size, the butt of Junius, under the by-name of Grildrig, bent down his tiny head between them. Here Pitt paused in his argument, and glancing at the group, exclaimed, "I will wait until the unanimity is a little better restored. I will wait until the Nestor of the Treasury has reconciled the difference between the Agamemnon and the Achilles of the American war."'

At this time he was but two-and-twenty years of age. He speedily had an opportunity of proving the manhood of his principles. He was but twenty-three when Lord Shelburne especially pressed upon him the Vice-Treasurership of Ireland, an office of light work and high pay, £5,000 a year. His father had formerly held the office; but Pitt declared, and publicly—some, perhaps, may think with too much rashness—that he would serve the King in the Cabinet or not at all. The first measure to which he devoted his attention was Parliamentary Reform, for which he brought a proposal before the House. It

was, of course, defeated ; but his amazing abilities soon became known. A few weeks after he attained the age of twenty-three, the place of Chancellor of the Exchequer was offered to him and accepted ; but that ministry was of short duration. Before he was twenty-four, George III. sent for the young barrister, a stripling who had received but very few briefs, and offered him the headship of the Treasury ; thus laying at his feet the whole power of the State without stint or reservation. But the young man was singular. Independent of all those fascinations which seem to us so dazzling, he had the courage to refuse. It was almost equal to the refusal of a crown ; but he counted the cost ; yet even while hesitating, and maintaining that wonderful reserve which was very frequently to him a strong tower. And there soon came a moment when he was able to put forward all his strength to overthrow the unprincipled coalition between the parties of Fox and North. Certainly, looked at now most dispassionately, Fox's India Bill appears a most fatal measure. It looks unprincipled ; the assured tendency and intention of the Bill being to give to Fox personally, in or out of office, an enormous power and patronage. Pitt resisted it, and denounced it, in unmeasured terms, as a measure calculated to destroy the balance of the Constitution. Fox, at this time however, acted, or was supposed to act, in concert with the Prince of Wales. Thurlow, from his place in the House of Lords, protested against what had just been called an infamous Bill. 'As I abhor tyranny in all its shapes,' said he, 'I shall oppose most strenuously this strange attempt to destroy the true balance of our Constitution. I wish to see the Crown great and respectable ; but if the present Bill should pass, it will be no longer worthy of a man of honour to wear.' In using these words Lord Thurlow looked full at the Prince of Wales, who was present ; and he thus proceeded : 'The King will, in fact, take the diadem from his own head, and place it on the head of Mr. Fox!' There can be no doubt that Mr. Fox and his friend Mr. Burke felt deeply the bad administration of the affairs of India. It is possible to conceive that they acted from righteous intentions, and yet that they acted most unwisely in the framing of this measure. If anything were wanting to ruin irretrievably Mr. Fox, especially in the estimation of the King, this added the wanting element. It took wind that all who voted in favour of the measure would be considered by the Sovereign as personally foes to him. The Bill, which was hurried through the Commons, was thrown out by the Lords. The King instantly demanded the resignation of his Ministers, requesting Lord North and Mr. Fox to deliver up their seals of

office, and send them by their under-secretaries, as a personal interview would be disagreeable to His Majesty.

And now the King sent for Pitt. He had been minister before, but it is from this moment his power dates. The unpopular character of the Indian measure aided him amazingly. The friends of North and Fox, indeed, were not dismayed; they were even merry in the expectation of a very speedy resumption of their office. It was not supposed possible that a young man, scarcely beyond boyhood, would be able to devise measures to foil the ambitious tactics of experienced statesmen.

Never were happy prognostications more bitterly disappointed. He was called to office, and became First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1783, and he held the seals of office, the first period of his administration, until 1801. Seldom has the world beheld such an instance of successful yet almost hazardous firmness, as that exhibited by this young statesman. He took office subject to universal ridicule. The presumption and the boyish folly, supposing that he could stand his ground against opposition, was pronounced by Mr. Fox, contemptuously, as a political absurdity unparalleled in the annals of immature ambition; and it is said, when the motion for a new writ for Appleby, the borough for which Pitt sat, was made, it was received with a burst of laughter. The Opposition regarded the House of Commons as entirely its own. Pitt's coadjutors advised an instant dissolution. He, on the contrary, determined not to appeal to the country until he had called the attention of the common sense and honour of the nation to the sagacity of his measures; and never, at any period of our history, did any minister find such a complication of public business demanding instant attention. The regulation of the Indian system; the state of the revenue at home, and the numerous instances of fraud and peculation which he had already attempted to expose and prevent; the restoration of the public income to a capacity of coping with the public expenses; the provision for an unfunded debt of thirty millions; the choice of new taxes to supply the deficiency of the revenue; the disturbed condition of Ireland; the claims of sufferers by the colonial war; the commercial treaty with America: these were some of the questions demanding instant settlement by this youth. No wonder that a successful issue was treated as an impossibility; and Fox might well, too, speak of the shadow of a ministry; for Pitt was the only man able to bring a clear, strong mind to the study of these affairs. Thurlow indeed was Chancellor, but his powerful understanding had been trained only in the settlement of the casuistries of law; and Pitt was twenty-four on the 28th of May, and

minister on the 19th of December, 1783. For the history of those singular triumphs we must refer our readers to the volumes of Lord Stanhope. The House of Commons was an arena in which the most splendid coruscations of eloquence lightening along our language were nightly heard. There Burke spoke to astonish by depths of thought and the richest foliage of imaginative diction; there Sheridan charmed by his airy, fantastic, light, and brilliant efflorescences, kindling like the flame of some rich gem, and expiring in their own glow; there Fox most truly spoke to subdue, bearing down all opposition by his mighty overflow of nature and soul; and there, amongst them, Pitt spoke to enlighten, his voice clear and silvery, but ringing like a bell. These were the men who ruled the House, and strove to rule each other. Of each it might be said, he was—

‘The worthy rival of the other three,
Whose words were sparks of immortality.’

The administration of Pitt has two eras. When he came into power, he no doubt came to rescue the nation from affairs of extraordinary intricacy, and to rescue the Crown from the hands of a faction and Whig oligarchy. This statement is quite consistent with that we made above: it is not less true that he came to rescue the Constitution from the hands of audacious recklessness. He took the bold stand of proclaiming himself the vindicator of the Constitution. This was the period of his domestic legislation. He brought to his duties a mind eminently mathematical, clear, cool, full, informed. He harnessed immediately the financial affairs of the Empire. He put down smuggling. How? Not so much by increased coast-constabulary, as by making smuggling worthless, increasing the profits of fair trade, and reducing taxation. He was the advocate and champion of Adam Smith and Free Trade. Fox, on the contrary, pursued a violent Protectionist policy. Manchester was the metropolis of Protection, and Fox its apostle.

Pitt's war administration has been very severely condemned; but, before doing this, we should remember many of the circumstances, not only connected with the sudden apparition of Napoleon. There can be no doubt that that magnificent and ambitious spirit intended the humiliation and conquest of England. He himself, in a message to the Corps Legislatif, in 1803, said, ‘The Government may say, with just pride, that England alone is unable at the present time to contend against France.’ That same year he spread his camp along the heights of Boulogne. A hundred thousand men waited for the happy moment when, beneath the leadership of the First Consul, they

should enter London ; and fifty thousand more were spread over the coast from Brest to Antwerp. These were the men who had contended with the Mamelukes at the foot of the Pyramids, and with the Russians in the passes of the Alps ; the victors of Marengo, the destined victors of Austerlitz. The preparations of Napoleon were upon a vast scale, and the preparations of England to resist were equal. Earl Stanhope alludes to the ridiculous statement of Thiers, that, upon the expectation of the invasion, *un frisson de terreur*—a shuddering affright—ran through all classes in England—*dans toutes les classes de la nation*. Our writer may well repel the statement, ‘It is many long ages since England experienced the shudder of affright at the dread of foreign invasion.’ As in the times of the Armada, the spirit of England rose to meet the emergency. Pitt threw himself with ardour into the formation of Volunteer corps.

‘A pleasantry of Pitt at this time has been preserved by tradition. It seems that one battalion which he was forming, or in the formation of which he was consulted, did not show the same readiness as distinguished the rest. Their draft rules, which they sent to Pitt, were full of cautions and reserves. The words “except in the case of actual invasion” were constantly occurring. At length came a clause that at no time, and on no account whatever, were they to be sent out of the country. Pitt here lost patience, and taking up his pen, he wrote opposite to that clause in the draft the same words as he had read in the preceding: “except in the case of actual invasion !”’

The spirit of the Volunteers was alert and awake. The King reviewed them in Hyde Park.

‘A second review, comprising other regiments from the like district, took place on the 24th. Reckoning both days, upwards of twenty-seven thousand men were present under arms, and the concourse of spectators on the former has been estimated at two hundred thousand. Many years afterwards Lord Eldon declared that this was, he thought, the finest sight that he had ever seen. The King was in high health and excellent spirits. When the “Temple Companies” had defiled before him, His Majesty inquired of Erskine, who commanded them as Lieutenant-Colonel, what was the composition of that corps. “They are all lawyers, Sir,” said Erskine. “What! what!” exclaimed the King, “all lawyers? all lawyers? Call them the Devil’s Own—call them the Devil’s Own!” And the Devil’s Own they were called accordingly. Even at the present day this appellation has not wholly died away. Yet notwithstanding the royal parentage of this pleasantry, I must own that I greatly prefer to it another which was devised in 1860. It was then in contemplation to inscribe upon the banner of one of the legal companies, “Retained for the Defence.”’

Meantime, at Boulogne there was, as we have seen, a vast army and a vast flotilla. 'Let us be masters,' said Napoleon, 'of the Channel for six hours, and we are masters of the world.' He was engaged in two ambitious projects. The Pope, the conquered Pope, was compelled to travel from Rome to crown the Emperor at the shrine of Notre Dame; and M. Denon, then at the head of the French Mint, was instructed to prepare a medal in commemoration of the expected conquest; and the die was accordingly made, and ready to be used in London. Alas! it had to be broken; not, however, before some copies were struck, of which two now remain in France, and one in England. The medal bears upon one side the usual head of the Emperor, crowned with laurel; on the reverse Hercules appears lifting up and crushing the monster Antæus; the motto being *Descente en Angleterre*, and below, in smaller letters, *Trappe à Londres en 1804*. Was there ever so extraordinary an instance of chicken-reckoning before the hatching?

For, alas! Admiral La Touche Treville having received his final orders to put to sea, fell sick and died, and there was no second officer in the fleet in the secret of the intended expedition. There was no longer at Toulon the head to direct, or the hand to execute. At length Admiral Villeneuve was appointed to the vacant post; but there was no time, that summer, to imbue the new chief with the necessary knowledge and details of the fleet to which he was appointed; so Napoleon, however disappointed, had to postpone, and, with some measure of difficulty, he got himself crowned instead. During two years following he still entertained hopes that, with a little alteration, the medal would be used. In 1805 he was waiting still at Boulogne. He climbed the heights, and, glass in hand, strained his eyes to catch sight of the united fleets of the two French Admirals, Villeneuve and Santeaume, but he strained his eyes in vain. His fleet baffled all his policy. Beneath the banner of a blunder, the great chief's orders had been misunderstood, and when he supposed it was hastening to Brest, it was, on the contrary, flying to Cadiz, soon to meet with Nelson at Trafalgar; while Napoleon, pouring his army upon Austria, retrieved his disappointments for a time at Austerlitz, till the day of final reckoning came at Moscow and at Waterloo.

To the objectionable passages of Pitt's domestic administration we have not time to refer. It was the age of Jacobins; and Mr. Pitt's Government was said to be likely to inflame them. 'Inflame a Jacobin!' said Edmund Burke; 'you may as well talk of setting fire to hell. Impossible!' At first, indeed, he did not fear the burst of revolution. 'Oh,' said he

to Burke, 'I have no fear for England: we shall stand till the day of judgment.' 'Aye,' said Burke; 'but it's the day of *no* judgment that I'm afraid of;' and subsequently he tightened the measures of the country in its domestic policy. But, without presuming to defend every action of his Government, it may be boldly said there was a cause for much severity.

We have no space for the anecdote life of the volumes. How far, now-a-days, bishops use secret influence to secure their nomination or translation we do not know; but our writer gives several instances of the ambitious designs of some members of the reverend bench. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable is the following. It is rather original, as exhibiting a plan of soliciting a favour by returning thanks for it, as though already conferred. The writer, to whom Mr. Pitt replied, was Dr. George Pelham, the Bishop of Bristol, and son of the Earl of Chichester.

‘BISHOP OF BRISTOL TO MR. PITT.

‘Welbeck Street, Friday (Feb. 8), 1805.

‘SIR,

‘I have heard from so many quarters that you have been kind enough to think of recommending me to His Majesty to succeed to the vacant See of Norwich, that I can no longer refrain expressing my gratitude to you, if such is your intention, and of assuring you that by so doing you will be conferring a lasting obligation upon me, which I shall ever have a pride in acknowledging.

‘I am, Sir, &c.,

‘G. BRISTOL.’

‘MR. PITT TO THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL.

‘Downing Street, Friday,
‘Feb. 8, 1805.

‘MY LORD,

‘In answer to the letter which I have just had the honour of receiving from your Lordship, I am sorry to be under the necessity of acquainting your Lordship that the report which has reached you respecting the See of Norwich has arisen without my knowledge, and that I cannot have the satisfaction of promoting your wishes.

‘I have the honour, &c.,

‘W. PITT.’

Pitt's life closed early; but what an active life had it been. Among his last public actions we notice his appointment of Lord Nelson to his last immortal expedition to scatter the French armada. It was in 1805 that Lord Nelson was sum-

moned from Merton. He explained to Mr. Pitt his whole views upon the naval war. Lord Nelson mentioned his opinion that his object was not merely to conquer, but to annihilate; on which Mr. Pitt assured him that whatever force Lord Nelson held necessary for that object should, as far as possible, be sent out to him; and then Lord Nelson, telling the tale to his family, added these words: 'Mr. Pitt paid me a compliment I believe he would not have paid to a prince of the blood. When I rose to go, he left the room with me, and attended me to the carriage.' 'How great a parting scene,' says Lord Stanhope: 'Nelson sent forth by Pitt to Trafalgar! Surely it might deserve, not only a biographer's commemoration, but also an artist's skill.'

The consequences of that parting were soon known to Pitt and to the world. On the 9th of November, the very day on which he wrote to the brother of Lord Nelson, acquainting him with the fact of his elevation to the earldom of Nelson and Trafalgar, he attended the Lord Mayor's dinner, at Guildhall. On his progress thither, all his recently-waning popularity blazed forth with renewed lustre. He was greeted with loud acclamations. In Cheapside, the multitude took off the horses from his carriage, and drew him along in triumph. At the banquet, the Lord Mayor proposed his health as the saviour of Europe, and then Pitt rose, for the last time in public. The Duke of Wellington, then recently returned from India as Sir Arthur Wellesley, was there. He spoke of that speech as one of the best and neatest speeches he ever heard in his life; but it was composed of two sentences; it was the speech of a dying man. He disclaimed the honour of the Lord Mayor's words: he returned thanks, and said, 'Europe is not to be saved by any single man. England has saved herself by her exertions, and the rest of Europe will be saved by her example.' They were true words; they were memorable words; and they were the last words the great orator ever spoke in public.

It is said that the news of the battle of Austerlitz hastened his death. It is not only not impossible, it is even probable. An ancient and venerable history informs us of a patriotic woman who exclaimed, 'Ichabod! the ark of God is taken!' and so bowed herself and died. He should have remembered who paralysed the pulse of Latouche Treville, and scattered the navy of Trafalgar; but he thought he saw all England overshadowed and overawed by the baton of the usurper. Even in death he had what Wilberforce called, 'The Austerlitz look.' We are glad to hear that upon his deathbed he expressed himself thus: "I have, as I fear is the case with many others, neglected

prayer too much to allow me to hope that it can be very efficacious now. But—and he rose in bed as he spoke, and clasped his hands fervently together—‘I throw myself *entirely* upon the mercy of God, through the merits of Christ.’

Of course only one cemetery was worthy to contain dust so illustrious. A public funeral was decreed by the nation, in Westminster Abbey. For two days the body lay in state in the Painted Chamber. On the 22nd of February, 1806, it was borne to the tomb. Illustrious pall-bearers, from the highest ranks of the nation, attended the coffin to the grave, while the friend of his life, Wilberforce, bore, or assisted in bearing, the banner of emblems. The coffin was deposited on that of Chatham; ‘and it seemed,’ says Mr. Wilberforce, ‘as though his statue were looking down with consternation into the grave which was opened for the favourite son, the last perpetuator of the name.’

The character presented in these volumes is very pleasing as well as very powerful; very different indeed to that which has usually been conceived as the character of the great statesman. We are glad to hear of such a man that he thought well of men, and ‘had a favourable opinion of mankind as a whole, believing the majority to be really actuated by fair meaning and intention.’ He had a mind of singular clearness: everything that it looked upon became light. We do not wonder that Lord Sidmouth said of him, ‘He makes me understand my own ideas better than before.’ His temper was so equable that his most intimate friends said they never saw him out of temper, nor ever knew an unpleasant sentence pass between them. It was said of him that with a sign of his eyebrows he could control the House of Commons. There can be no doubt that he has been greatly misunderstood. We trust that the most able and interesting Life of Earl Stanhope’s will present him in a new and clearer light. It is true he died in debt; but he refused the gift of £100,000, and he twice pushed away from him a sinecure office in his power, to retain, without any appearance of avariciousness, the Keeper of the Pells, with a salary of £3,000 a-year. The garter and a peerage he repeatedly refused, while he bestowed on others peerages, garters, and stars innumerable. He was haughty and proud; but his pride was not that by which men fall, but by which spirits rise. Whatever may be the reader’s impressions of the subject of the volumes, there can be but one impression as to their charming interest. The biographer has dexterously woven into the course of the narrative, anecdotes in abundance of the man, and the men and events of the times. The men of the Senate appear before the eye; and short, but apt illustrations of each peculiar form of eloquence, and the most

fiery or forcible words of the most famous debates, kindle in the pages. It has been very pleasant to us for the first time to read the *Life*—no *Life* worthy of that designation has been written before—of a statesman so famous that a *Life* of him unpenned leaves a gap in the history of our country.

IV.

MRS. BROWNING'S LAST POEMS.*

ALTHOUGH we so recently devoted several pages to a review of the works of the greatest poet of womanhood, we cannot allow this volume to appear and to pass without some words: painful words they must be, since how grateful soever we may be for so much received from this pen, we now shall receive no more: these are the last, and they are like flowers on a grave. We are very grateful to receive poems from the author's own and deeper heart, enthusiast as she was for Italy. We never cared so much for her lyrics of Italian freedom; the tones which will be for ever prized are those deep notes, rich and thrilling as if her heart were itself a cathedral, and all the tenderest and most sorrowful experiences celebrating sacrament there beneath the flow of its rich music. When years have made her more distant to her critics, some remarks may be offered upon some of the mental phenomena exhibited in her poems. Sometimes it seems to us that had she been a strong and healthful, instead of what she was, a weak and suffering woman, her genius could never have borne such rich and refreshing fruit: nay, it might be possible to mark her progress in health and strength by the inverse value of her verse. In her, eminently, the sweetness of the strain resulted from the tightening of the chords. In one of the most remarkable of all her poems—one contained in this volume—she expresses in most memorable words the faith, that the man suffers in the making the poet. Well known as we believe these lines are, we cannot forbear their quotation, because they seem to reveal so much of the lamented writer's sense of the personal history involved in the author.

* *Last Poems.* By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Chapman and Hall.

'What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

'He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river:
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

'High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

'*He cut it short, did the great god Pan*
(How tall it stood in the river),
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sate by the river.

'*"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan*
(Laughed while he sate by the river),
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

'*Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!*
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

'*Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,*
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true god sighs for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.'

This is one of the most perfect of Mrs. Browning's poems, but its doctrine is not always true. Nor is it necessarily true. True, the pith of the poem is the heart of the poet; true, the poet made out of the man frequently becomes a sadly self-conscious and spoilt creature; yet we believe this will only be the case with inferior writers who have not much pith to spare. It was

not especially the case with Mrs. Browning. If her verse and inspiration ever deteriorated, we trace the deterioration rather to what the world and knowledge of the world have given to her, than to what the exercise and utterance of her imagination have taken from her. The thought is wonderfully expressed; but we hope we may take it as rather representative of a mood of mind in its beloved author, than as the expression of the faith that all those fine natures whose music has enchanted us, became wasted, and spoilt, and impaired in the efforts they made to give freedom to their spiritual being. We even think that in such work the spirit loses its unhealthy self-consciousness rather than gains. Foremost among our sacred poets stands this writer, and there is one poem in this volume equal to anything we have received from her in this line. A lengthy poem, *De Profundis*, may take its place with 'The Sleep.' It is a liturgic strain, of great and painful beauty. It reminds us of those sacred measures which she poured forth from the sick room in London, where, many years since, to the eyes of her friends she seemed to lie dying. We must believe it belongs historically to those days before she was either wife or mother, when she was smitten down by pain, languor, and illness, and threatening death, and bereavement in the unexpected departure of the most beloved friends. It is "De Profundis," out of the depths indeed. It is like one of those rich Mozart Masses: a pained and agonized spirit, respiring on the keys of the cloistered organ, and from the largeness of the overwhelming grief, to the lesser sharpness of the vexation and the fret, expending its passion, and crying and sighing itself to sleep, upon the spear-pierced heart of the Redeemer. Nothing else can be conceived than that the writing of these words must have been an ineffable refreshment to her. They are of those words which quite disarm all power of criticism by the reverence they inspire for the writer. There come to all men, it is to be hoped, moments when a tortured, and wrenched, and wretched being cries aloud with Elijah, 'It is enough: Lord, let me die now.' But we do not die, and out of such wretchedness the spirit learns to find its way to its true centre and rest. In such moments the brightness and sweetness of nature do not comfort; they even add to the intensity of the misery. Nature helps nature's world; nature ministers to nature's heart; but to such depths as a soul's despondency and despair nature's sunlight and songs cannot descend. We are afraid to quote from this psalm of life: we dare not to quote the whole, and we fear to injure the sublime and hallowed effect of the whole. Here is the opening grief:—

- 'The face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With hourly love, is dimmed away,—
And yet my days go on, go on.
- 'The tongue which, like a stream, could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with "Good day"
Make each day good, is hushed away,—
And yet my days go on, go on.
- 'The heart which, like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon,
The strongest on the longest day
With steadfast love, is caught away,—
And yet my days go on, go on.'
- 'The world goes whispering to its own,
"This anguish pierces to the bone;"
And tender friends go sighing round,
"What love can ever cure this wound?"
My days go on, my days go on.'
- 'Breath freezes on my lips to moan:
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.
- 'I knock and cry,—Undone, undone!
Is there no help, no comfort,—none?
No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains
Where others drive their loaded wains?
My vacant days go on, go on.
- 'This Nature, though the snows be down,
Thinks kindly of the bird of June:
The little red hip on the tree
Is ripe for such. What is for me,
Whose days so winterly go on?'
- 'I ask less kindness to be done,—
Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon
(Too early worn and grimed), with sweet
Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,
Till days go out which now go on.
- '*Only to lift the turf unmown
From off the earth where it has grown,
Some cubit-space, and say, "Behold,
Creep in, poor Heart, beneath that fold,
Forgetting how the days go on."*
- 'What harm would that do? Green anon
The sward would quicken, overshone
By skies as blue; and crickets might
Have leave to chirp there day and night
While my new rest went on, went on.'

—A Voice reproves me thereupon,
More sweet than Nature's when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep
Than when the rivers overleap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

God's Voice, not Nature's! Night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne
And listens for the creatures' praise.
What babble we of days and days?
The Day-spring He, whose days go on.

*He reigns above, He reigns alone;
Systems burn out, and leave His throne:
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around him, changeless amid all,—
Ancient of Days, whose days go on.*

He reigns below, He reigns alone,
And, having life in love forgone
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,
He reigns the Jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with Him, while days go on?

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear Him charge His saints that none
Among His creatures anywhere
Blasphe^me against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

*Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief Misery,
The sharp regalia are for THREE
Whose days eternally go on!*

For us,—whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust Thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won:
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here,
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.
I praise Thee while my days go on.

*I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on:
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost.
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on.*

And having in Thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops his pebble small
Down some deep well, and hears it fall
Smiling—so I. **THY DAYS GO ON.**

This is Mrs. Browning's especial key. To sing and to say such things, she was born and trained in the school of suffering, and given to us. She was a strong-minded and more passionate Cowper, with an infinite endowment of soul and vision—which, indeed, are one. Through her own tears she saw the golden headlands of eternal truths. Of this same order of poems in which this glorious woman walks steadily along the cliffs in the dark night and storm of sorrow, we notice the lines called '*Only a Curl*.' They will explain themselves to many a broken-hearted mother, and be a consolation.

'Friends of faces unknown and a land
Unvisited over the sea,
Who tell me how lonely you stand
With a single gold curl in the hand
Held up to be looked at by me,—

'While you ask me to ponder and say
What a father and mother can do,
*With the bright fellow-locks put away
Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay
Where the violets press nearer than you.*

'Shall I speak like a poet, or run
Into weak woman's tears for relief?
*Oh, children!—I never lost one,—
Yet my arm 's round my own little son,
And Love knows the secret of Grief.'*

"'God lent him and takes him," you sigh;
—Nay, there let me break with your pain:
God's generous in giving, say I,—
And the thing which He gives, I deny
That He ever can take back again.

'*He gives what He gives.* I appeal
To all who bear babes—in the hour
When the veil of the body we feel
Rent round us,—while torments reveal
The motherhood's advent in power,

'And the babe cries!—has each of us known
By apocalypse (God being there
Full in nature) the child is our own,
Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,
Through all changes, all times, everywhere

'He's ours and for ever. Believe,
O father!—O mother, look back
To the first love's assurance. To give
Means with God not to tempt or deceive
With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

'He gives what he gives. Be content!
He resumes nothing given,—be sure!
God lend? Where the usurers lent

In His temple, indignant He went
And scourged away all those impure.

'He lends not; but gives to the end,
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather,—amend,
And finish it up to your dream,—

'Or keep,—as a mother will toys
Too costly, though given by herself,
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
And the children more fit for such joys,
Kept over their heads on the shelf.

'So look up, friends! *you*, who indeed
Have possessed in your house a sweet piece
Of the Heaven which men strive for, *must need*
Be more earnest than others are,—speed
Where they loiter, persist where they cease.

'You know how one angel smiles there.
Then weep not. *'Tis easy for you*
To be drawn by a single gold hair
Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair,
To the safe place above us. Adieu.'

The reader must go to the book, the volume of 'Last Poems. There are many in quite other keys, upon which we will not dwell. We have quoted till we are ashamed to quote more. Of the writer's amazing command over language and metre, for interpreting passion, and interpenetrating words with passion, we must refer to 'Bianca among the Nightingales.' Our age has had, and has many noble poets, but we had rather have said farewell to any one of them than to this gifted woman. She was less a cultivator of the art of poetry than many, but she was a poet. Her emotions and experiences frequently hurried her into great errors of metre, and sometimes a passing impulse with her became a generalisation; but she found her poems in the deepest wells of the human heart, and she let down her words—buckets of water into dry wells—into parched hearts. Thus, beyond almost any other poet of our day, we may call her, the Consoler.

V.

MEMORIALS OF A PURITAN MERCHANT.*

THE name of William Kiffin will, perhaps, be better known to most of our readers by the slight mention of it in Lord Macaulay's history, than by the little volume of which we purpose to present, in a few pages, a slight summary. While so many hands are busy in renewing the obliterated inscriptions upon some of the old puritan tombstones, the names of the great preachers, writers, and martyrs of Nonconformity, it cannot be uninteresting to attempt to survey the features and character of a Puritan merchant, one of the ancestors of that noble race of which we have so many representatives now in the City of London. We have, in the homage we have paid to our principles, been, perhaps, too exclusively careful to hold up to view their political and religious brilliancy and consistency; but there is another aspect in their rise and development, as well as in their triumph in the present times. The Puritans carried along with them influence over the great commercial classes. There is no doubt that Puritan Nonconformity—Congregationalism—is the religious phase of the mind of the religion of great cities, as the cities grow, and the manhood of the nations finds itself in them increased in wealth and independence; that freedom of thought, that 'reasonable service' which the matured mind demands for the expressions of its religious convictions, grows there. If some have doubted how far, as a system of religious service and of church government, it is adapted for villages and for the ignorant, it is, doubtless, a system by which intelligence may find itself advanced in spiritual perfection, and the deeper moral nature be sustained and fed.

William Kiffin was born about the year 1616, in the City of London. He gives no account of his parents, but we infer, from his slight biography, that they were carried off by the plague of 1625. He was then about nine years of age. He very narrowly escaped death himself, and the poor orphan lad seems to have been defrauded by his surviving relations of what was left to

* *Remarkable Passages in the Life of William Kiffin.* Written by himself, and Edited from the Original Manuscript, with Notes and Additions, by William Orme. London: 1823.

him by his parents. In 1629 he was apprenticed to the well-known John Lilburn: he was a porter brewer and cooper of the City of London. His life is tolerably well known to readers of the history of the period. He was fined, whipped, and imprisoned by the Star Chamber; and, perhaps, if his temper had some measure of contradictoriness before, this discipline did not sweeten it. He obtained a Colonel's commission in the Parliamentary army; he fought against Charles; he opposed the Long Parliament; he resisted the power of Cromwell, who tried and banished him; finally, he became a Quaker, and settled at Eltham, in Kent, where he died in 1657. He seems to have deserved Anthony Wood's character of him, that 'he was a great trouble world in all the variety of governments, and a hodge-podge of religion.' Judge Jenkins said of him, 'If the world was emptied of all but John Lilburn, Lilburn would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn.' Such was the amiable master who taught the lad Kiffin the art and mystery of making barrels. Of their relations together we know nothing; but it is probable that John had a temper somewhat more sweet and serene in those early days. Kiffin's religious character had all the distinctiveness of the period, the age in which he lived. His mind passed through the terrors preceding the great change. The deeps of his soul were stirred by hearing the Puritan preachers of the times. Passing by St. Antholin's Church, he went in. Mr. Thomas Foxley was preaching; that Foxley who was afterward imprisoned by Laud, without any reason assigned, for twenty months, while his family were starving. Young Kiffin was then, without any just cause he confesses, running away from his master. The sermon induced him to return; and it appears to have been the first of a series of sermons arousing his mind to very serious convictions. His account of his own experiences is very interesting and real. It is very interesting now to read the names of the good men he heard, and who were useful to him. Many of them were then on the eve of their departure for America, from the bitter persecutions of their own land. There was width enough in his young and inquisitive mind to receive benefit from the writings of Dr. Thomas Goodwin; and the ministrations of Dr. John Goodwin, Norton, Davenport, Hooker, and De Moulin, aided the heart of the youth in its efforts to find the peace in believing, the peace that passeth all understanding. Kiffin was far from being the only one of the London apprentices in this state of happy anxiety. He met with several. Their constant practice was to attend the Sabbath morning lecture, at six o'clock, in Cornhill and Christchurch; but they also met together an hour before

service, to spend it in prayer, and in communicating to each other what experience they had received from the Lord.

‘After a little time, we also read some portion of Scripture, and spake from it what it pleased God to enable us; wherein I found very great advantage, and by degrees did arrive to some small measure of knowledge. I found the study of the Scriptures very pleasant and delightful to me, to which I attended as it pleased God to give me an opportunity.’

This is a very beautiful and touching little picture of a Young Man’s Christian Association, of a very simple and real character; more beautiful because so wholly independent of religious machinery.

But Kiffin’s religious teachers were fast leaving the country. He had not as yet studied the question of Conformity or Non-conformity, but he was compelled by the times to the study, and was aided in his search after truth by the good and great Jeremiah Burroughs. He soon decided, and united himself, at the age of twenty-two years, with an Independent church, determining also soon to leave the country for New England; but this determination did not take effect, for a reason which has prevented many an emigration: he got married. His young wife was one with him in his religious judgments and hopes, and was joined to the same congregation with himself.

Kiffin’s trials and persecutions, on account of his religion, began very early, and they accompanied him through life—the times were full of trouble—but over him the wing of a guardian Providence seemed to be in a very eminent manner outspread. The meetings of the church to which Kiffin belonged were held in much secrecy, for fear of the bishops. The people came together early in the morning, and continued together until night. Kiffin became their preacher. The meetings were disturbed, but they were usually kept from the hands of their persecutors. Once, indeed, at a meeting on Tower Hill, as they were coming from the house they found the door surrounded; stones were flung at them, one of which struck Kiffin on the eye, without, however, hurting him very much; but a year after, a blacksmith, living in Nightingale-lane, sent for him. He was wasted to skin and bone. He asked Kiffin if he knew him. Kiffin replied he did not. He then said he was the man who had gathered the crowd to disturb the meeting on Tower Hill. His was, probably, the hand which hurled the stone at Kiffin. At that time, he said, he was a strong man, but he went from that place and fell ill, and had wasted in his body to what Kiffin then beheld. He implored the persecuted Puritan to pray for him, and he did so; but he died that night. Kiffin’s mode of

relating this, and other such instances, is very unostentatious, and the farthest imaginable removed from the temper and spirit of the fanatic. On another occasion he was apprehended at a meeting in Southwark, and carried before the justices, and by them remanded to the White Lion Prison. Our readers know something of the singular character of the prisons of those times. The wild, unbridled ruffianism of the lower order of prisoners was let loose upon those who were persecuted for righteousness' sake. Kiffin was in the prison with his wife, a maidservant, and their infant child, when the prisoners, incensed against him by one whose chamber was beneath his own, and led on by a ruffian named Jackson, came in, he with a bludgeon in his hand.

‘He asked me what company I had there? To whom I replied, that I had none but what he saw. Having upon my table some Spanish tobacco, which a friend had left me, I asked him if he would accept of it. He, looking wistfully on me, and several others of his company being behind him in the room, took it and thanked me. I also asked him if he and the rest would drink, which they did. Then this Jackson turned to them, and bid them go out of the room, and he bid me farewell, and went away.

‘The man’s chamber who had set them on being under mine, they, finding the door shut, endeavoured to break it open; which I hearing, went down and asked them what they meant to do? Jackson told me that he was the man that had engaged them to knock me on the head; but they would do his work for him, although they should be hanged the next day. But at last, through much entreaty, they were persuaded to desist. This was a signal providence of God to me to preserve me from such bloody men.’

Here was an instance of a meek and quiet spirit; a beautiful illustration of the temper and character of the man. And thus it was with him through life: he was calm and possessed, and in the midst of all his great emergencies he seems never to have been deserted by his own internal peace. Conspiracies, sicknesses, adversities of many kinds, brought him very low. His wife’s friends, concluding that his opinions would make him obnoxious to the State, and that his wife and children would be dependent upon them, were only too glad to seize this as a pretext for keeping the portion he should have had with her. He was the subject of a conspiracy, to which Judge Mallet lent himself, and was only saved by the committal of Mallet to the Tower, which led to his own discharge from imprisonment. It is not a surprising thing that sickness seized him and brought him near to death; but he recovered greatly by the skill of Dr. Trigg, probably a quaker. In his memoirs he says:—

‘It was near three months that Dr. Trigg had me in hand, coming many times twice in the day, and generally once every day; but he would take nothing, either for his coming, or for his physic at the time, but told my wife he would take it altogether when I was well. My wife has often told me that when she has gone to him for me in the time of my sickness, she hath seen some come to him in a coach, and offer him two twenty-shilling pieces of gold to go with them to visit a sick person, which he hath refused, in regard many people were at his house waiting upon him. At the same time he hath left the people at his house to stay for him, while he hath come to me, to observe the working of my fits.

‘When it pleased God to restore me to some strength, I was not a little troubled to consider that surely I had a very large score to pay the doctor; and how to pay it I knew not. Very loath I was to borrow, not knowing how to pay again; and when to get my money out of the hands of my friends I knew not. But herein the Lord was exceedingly good to me, for although the hearts of my friends were shut up against me, it pleased God to deal with me herein far beyond my thoughts. For, desiring to know of the doctor what I owed him, he told me he would have no more than a French crown. I thought he jested with me, but he told me he would have no more. What should move him to take so small a matter I know not. It seemed exceeding wonderful to me that a man who was a stranger, with whom I never spoke before in all my life, should show this kindness to me. Since then he hath told me he was never so much engaged to study the saving the life of any man as he was of mine. This providence I looked at to be very great to me at that time; and it did greatly encourage me to cleave unto the Lord in the discharge of my duty: that word being made good, “Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed.”’

But after his restoration from his illness, affairs brightened with the subject of our memoir. He was a remarkable instance of the wise combination of principle and prudence. He followed religiously the course of his own convictions; but he tells us he at the same time avoided public places, and the buying of public lands, but he embarked first in a very humble way in trade with Holland. Still, those first days were hard times. The people of the church with which he was connected implored him not to leave them, but they could not maintain him. His wife also did something towards their maintenance. He entered more actively into trade, and was prosperous. The trade in which he embarked was not without its hazards, but it was profitable, and it was righteous, and it seems to have conducted Kiffin to wealth and position in the City of London.

It was in 1638 a change took place in his religious convictions. He became a Baptist. It is very interesting to know that he founded, and was for fifty years the pastor of the Baptist

church in Devonshire-square, in Bishopsgate-street, now presided over by the venerable, and excellent, and beloved John Howard Hinton. That church has, in its changing pastorate, seen among its teachers several of deserved eminence. Its first pastor united efficiently the position of the active and successful merchant with the acceptable and vigilant pastor. He was also, being a Baptist, somewhat of a polemic; and among the curiosities of his history we find that he engaged in several of those religious tournaments so common to the times, times of theological chivalry. Accordingly, we find a meeting in Southwark, on the 17th of October, 1642. The combatant on one side was the redoubtable Daniel Featley, and a Scotchman and William Kiffin on the other. Featley published a volume, 4to, to show how completely he had the best of it. It was entitled, 'The Dippers Dipt; or, the Anabaptists Ducked and Plunged over Head and Ears, at a Disputation at Southwark: 1645. It is a singularly modest volume, this. According to his own account, Featley 'so stunnied the venturous Scotchman with a blow, that he gave in and spake no more for a good space;' and the whole account is conceived and expressed in a like vein of gentle Christian meekness. Let us not too harshly judge or condemn; they were but mortal, those parleying knights of controversy. What! are we always gentle and catholic in dispute, never irritated in our polemics? Alas! perhaps, in all these matters, we doubt, our times have only taken from us the earnestness of those men, and left us all their spleen. Kiffin also in those days fell in for a fearful broadside from Gangrene Edwards. This poor, calumniating, bigoted wretch, whom we all know, and who has left nothing but a gangrene behind him, was a Presbyterian, the most rancorous of all that truly pestilent party who threatened to be the Dantons, the Marats, and the Robespierres of our revolution. It is worth while to read the way in which he condescends to notice our merchant pastor, who had, indeed, challenged him to some controversial arena.

'Another of these fellows, who counts himself inferior to none of the rest of his seduced brethren, one whose name is Will. Kiffin, sometime servant to a brewer, whose name is John Lilburn; this man is now become a pretended preacher, and to that end hath, by his enticing words, seduced and gathered a schismatical rabble of deluded children, servants, and people, without either parents' or masters' consent. This truth is known by some of a near relation to me, whose giddy-headed children and servants are his poor slavish proselytes. For a further manifestation of him in a pamphlet called the Confession of Faith of the Seven Anabaptistical Churches, there he is written first as metropolitan of that fraternity. I could relate,

if time would permit, somewhat I have had to do with him, in which he appeared to me to be a mountebank.'

Such language used of such a man overwhelms us even more with a feeling of shame than of indignation. In fact, the good man was a person of great energy. We are interested in noticing that he was trusted, in 1647, by Parliament, to be an assessor of taxes to be raised in the County of Middlesex. In 1654 he was a Captain in the Militia, and in 1659 he was a Lieut.-Colonel. On another occasion the Parliament voted him fifty pounds for service, evidently of a military nature, in which he had been engaged. Again, quite incongruous to such occupations, we find, the 17th of January, 1648, an order issued by Parliament for Mr. Kiffin and Mr. Knollys, upon the petition of the Ipswich men, to go thither to preach; and during the Protectorate he was employed to write to his own party in Ireland, recommending them to live peaceably, and to submit themselves to the civil magistrates; and his services in this matter were acknowledged by Henry Cromwell. What then, do we behold with pleasure these various functions combined in one man—the preacher and the soldier, for instance? We do not; but in times like those in which Kiffin lived, such conjunctions are less the result of choice than necessity. Kiffin was one of many multitudes to whom the sacred text and the matchlock were equally familiar; who were adepts at handling the Word and the sword. In all such cases we believe there is much to deplore. The conjunction of such occupations from choice leaves, perhaps, some occasion in the mind to doubt the reality of very holy convictions. We have never been of the number of those who could use the Bible as a hone for sharpening the sword. Kiffin lived in a day when men thought far otherwise. Be it ours to judge righteous judgment of him, and pray to be saved from the task of having to 'go and do likewise.'

Upon the Restoration Kiffin soon fell into troubles. He could not fall into snares, for he was a man who made very 'straight paths for his feet.' First, he fell under the notice of Monk; that man who, however successful and even applauded his machinations were, was the arch traitor and conspirator of his age. When in London, he took up his lodgings near the house of Kiffin. This was a short time before the Restoration; and a few days after he was seized and carried, with several others, by soldiers, at midnight, to St. Paul's. Next day it was rumoured that a quantity of arms had been taken in their possession, but the report and the seizure had no foundation. Application was made to the Lord Mayor, who forwarded the application to the

Common Council, and the General was compelled to dismiss his prisoners.

It is difficult to conceive what could have been the motives for the many conspiracies against the subject of our short memoir by persons round the court; but the character of Kiffin was high, and it was desirable to crush him. Moreover, men with no religion could not understand, far less comprehend the meetings of the Nonconformists. What could their meeting-houses be but the hatching-places of conspirators? Then, the position of Kiffin as a merchant much employed in trading with the sea-ports of Holland, was presumed to give him opportunities for importing arms and secreting mischievous persons or implements. Thus, six months after the Restoration, upon the death of the Princess of Orange, a plot was laid, and he was apprehended on a charge which might have lost him life and estate. A letter was forged, as if it came from Taunton; but we shall quote Kiffin's own account of the matter. It is remarkable, as giving another illustration similar to some we find in the lives of George Fox, and of Joseph Alleine, of the way in which the machinators failed by clumsy bungling. Kiffin says the letter was to this effect:—

‘That the Princess of Orange being now dead, they were ready to put their design into execution; that, according to my promise, I would provide and send down powder, match, and bullet, &c., for that they believed the promise, that one of them should chase a thousand.

‘This was the substance of the said letter; upon which I was seized on a Saturday at midnight, and carried to the guard at Whitehall. None were suffered to speak with me, and I continued all next day under many taunts and threats of the soldiers. On the Lord's day evening, I was sent for before General Monk and several others of the Council, who read the said letter to me. They even charged me that I must needs be guilty of those things in the said letter; to whom I replied that I knew not so much as the name of the man mentioned in the letter, by whom it was said to be written, and I did abhor even the entertaining any thoughts of doing anything which might be to the disturbance of the peace of the kingdom.

‘After the examination, I was put into the hands of the soldiers to take care of me, and ordered to be sent next day to the Lord Chief Justice Foster to be examined. I was strictly watched by them all that night, in an inn in King's Street, whither they carried me.

‘Under this dispensation I found many supports from God; and knowing my own innocence, did not doubt but the Lord would one way or other work for my deliverance. The next day I was carried in a coach to Serjeant's Inn to be examined. Soldiers being about the coach, occasioned a great concourse of people,

who inquired what was the matter; some crying out traitors, rogues, hang them all.

‘On coming to my Lord Chief Justice, I was strictly examined by him about the said letter. To which, when I had returned answer, I told his Lordship that I did not doubt but his Lordship took more pleasure to clear an innocent man than to condemn a guilty; and therefore prayed him that I might have liberty to speak for myself, and I doubted not but my innocence would appear. He returned me for answer, I should speak freely what I could.

‘I told him there were some things in the letter itself which might give satisfaction that it was a mere forgery. For first, the letter states the rise of the execution of this plot from the death of the Princess of Orange, and yet it was dated at Taunton three days before she died. To which my Lord replied—It was a considerable observation; and looking upon the date of the letter to be so indeed, said that might be but a mistake in the date, yet the letter might be true.

‘To which I made answer, I should leave that to his Honour’s consideration. But there was one thing more, which, with submission to his Lordship’s judgment, could be no mistake: that was, that there could be no letter written from London to Taunton, and an answer to it from Taunton, from the time of the death of the Princess of Orange, to the time I was seized. For I told him, his Lordship knew the Princess died on the Monday night, and no letter could give advice of it by post till the next night; and no answer could be to that letter till the next Monday morning: while I was seized the Saturday night after her death, which must needs be before any post came in.

‘Upon this, my Lord looking very steadfastly upon the Lieutenant Colonel, whose prisoner I was, the said Lieutenant Colonel desired my Lord to give me the oaths. My Lord replied to him in great anger, that he would not. And that things were come to a fine pass, when a Lord Chief Justice must be taught by a soldier what to do. Telling him it was a trappan: and then my Lord directed his speech to me; and told me he was satisfied I was abused, and that if I could find out the author of the said letter, he would punish him and discharge me.

‘Mr. Henry Jesse and Mr. Crape were mentioned with me in the letter from Taunton, and they were both examined and discharged also. Thus did God work for my deliverance, and insnare them which contrived this letter in the work of their hands, while we escaped as a bird out of the net of the fowler; having great cause to praise His holy name.’

Shortly after this Kiffin was called to speak before the king, against the Hamburg Company, and he appears to have acquitted himself so well that the king and the Earl of Clarendon were disposed always after to remain his friends. It was, indeed, a protest to royal ears, even at that early day of our great commercial history, in favour of freedom of trade; indeed, our

readers have often noticed, that freedom of faith has never been far dissevered from freedom of commerce, and the enslaved mind has usually been accompanied by the enslaved trade. After this, it was expected that Kiffin, being called before the council, would be safe in the Gate House before the evening. He possessed considerable influence at court, and with the king: he had the ear of the Lord Chancellor Hyde; this too he used on a very memorable occasion to excellent good purpose. Crosbie relates the story, in his 'History of the Baptists,' of ten men and two women brought before the bench of justices at the quarter sessions for Ailesbury, and there called upon to conform and take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, or receive then and there sentence of death. That there might be the exercise of some clemency towards them, the afternoon was allowed them for their decision; and, in fact, as they, poor obstinate mules, would not conform, they were sentenced to death, and remanded back for execution. Great was the consternation in the town. They appear to have all been of the order called respectable, some traders of good position. Their goods were speedily seized and confiscated; while a son of one of the condemned took horse, and came immediately to London. He sought Kiffin, and together they went to Hyde, and all together to the king, who, simple, good man that he was, was quite surprised to hear of his subjects being put to death for their religion only. In fine, Kiffin procured their reprieve. The son hastened back with it to Ailesbury, and although the condemned malefactors remained in prison till the next assizes, the judge brought down his majesty's pardon, and they were all set at liberty. This also is a little stereoscopic idea of the way in which they administered justice in those happy days, for the restoration of which the Prayer Book appointed, during two centuries, a day of national thanksgiving. It may be supposed that the king would know how to turn his friendship to Mr. Kiffin to advantage. Once he sent to him, when sorely pressed—and when was he not sorely pressed?—for a loan of £40,000. Kiffin declared that he had not such a sum as £40,000, but that if it would be of any use he would present him with £10,000. Of course it was of use; and Kiffin used to say that, by giving ten, he had saved thirty thousand. 'It may be supposed this had something to do, says Crosbie, with the favour he enjoyed at court.' We believe, indeed, that with the wares Charles had to sell, nothing always bought nothing.

But once more, Kiffin himself was seized at midnight, by order of the Duke of Buckingham, and carried before the Duke. He charged him that he had hired two men to kill the king.

The account is, however, so interestingly told by Kiffin, that once more we will receive from his own lips the narrative.

‘Being called before them, the Duke charged me, that I should have hired two men to kill the King, and with saying, that if they would not do it, I would do it myself. But he further told me, that if I would confess the truth, care should be taken, by him, that I should not suffer. I was greatly amazed at this charge, and returned him this answer—that I had rather he should charge it against me, than I should give the least entertainment of it—so much as in my thoughts. For, I thank God, I did abhor it from my soul towards the meanest man in the kingdom, much more towards his Majesty. I further told him, that he could not be looked upon to be his Majesty’s friend that should speak one word for the saving the life of any man, who was in his wits, that should intend any such thing. The Duke told me, he knew I could speak well enough for myself, having spoken so often as I had done before the Council; but what he had charged me with would be proved by two witnesses: and so ordered Clifford to deliver me to the soldiers, and not to suffer any to speak with me.

‘Being strictly kept by the soldiers till the rest were examined, whose charges, it seems, were not so high as mine, I had some consternation upon me, although I knew my own innocency. But it pleased the Lord, whose care and goodness had been extended towards me in all difficulties to that day, greatly to revive me: bringing that Scripture with great power upon my soul—“Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.”—Isa. xli. 10. I was so greatly quieted in my own heart that my fears vanished; and I was made willing to wait upon whatever the pleasure of God should be towards me in this matter.

‘About two hours’ time after, when all were examined, and several sent to the Gate-house—at the request of Mr. Wickham, the messenger of the Duke, that I might be his prisoner, it was accordingly so ordered. There I went to bed and slept quietly.

‘The next day, my Lady Ranelagh came to visit me, to whom I gave an account of what the Duke charged me withal. She advised me to write a letter to my Lord Chancellor, to acquaint him with my present condition, and she would carry it to my Lord herself. This accordingly I did, and that lady delivered it into his own hands. Having read it, he told her that there was nothing of those things before them in the Council, and promised that the next Council day he would acquaint the King and Council with it.

‘Accordingly he did so, and the letter which I sent to his Lordship was read before the King and Council. It was then asked the Secretaries of State, whether they had received any charge against me? Who both answered, that they had not. Upon which an order was presently passed for my discharge, without paying of

fees. The Messenger, at whose house I was, attended the Council to hear the issue,—and being more my friend than I could have expected, brought me word of the said order, and having obtained it that night, immediately discharged me.

‘I thought that storm had now been over; and that I was hereby delivered out of the hands of unreasonable men. Understanding, however, the kindness which my Lord Chancellor had done me, I went the next morning to his house, to acknowledge my thankfulness to him. While I stayed without, there went into him the Lord Chief Justice Bridgeman, Sir Geoffrey Palmer, his Majesty’s Attorney-General, Sir Henry Finch, Solicitor-General, and Sir Richard Brown.

‘After a little while I was called in to my Lord, they being all present. My Lord asked me how I came to be there, and whether I was not a prisoner? I told his Lordship I had been a prisoner, but was come to return His Honour thanks for his favour in presenting my case to his Majesty, by means of which I had been released. He asked me how it came I was released? I told him by order of the King and Council. He demanded of me, Where that order was? I told him, the original was in the messenger’s hands, but I had a copy of it, which I showed him. He told me indeed there was such an order passed, but that last night the Duke of Buckingham came and brought in his charge, and there was an order for continuing me in the messenger’s hands; and therefore I must return and render myself a prisoner again. All he could do for me, he said, was, that I should have a fair and speedy trial. I thanked his Lordship, and told him I was very willing so to do, as knowing my own innocence. He then wished me to go to the back stairs, at White Hall, and speak with one of the King’s pages, who attended there; and tell him I came from him, and desire him to acquaint the King I was there; and if I could satisfy the King to take bail it was well.

‘Accordingly I went presently, not knowing what the issue of this thing might be. But his Majesty being gone out, I returned to the city, and carried up two sufficient citizens with me to tender as bail, if it was demanded, and hastened up again; and as the providence of God ordered it, just as the King came back, the Chancellor was come to wait upon the King. Having sent in my name, I was ordered to come in to the King, but at the door was remanded back again. Having stayed about an hour without, a messenger came again, and told me the King commanded him to let me know that I might go home; and asked if I had a messenger with me. I told him I had not. He said if I had, he had orders that he should discharge me; but that I must be ready at all times to come when his Majesty sent for me, which I promised I would.

‘Thus did the Lord, by his own hand, work for my full deliverance from that charge, and I had cause to think, by means of the Chancellor, for the page which brought me the first message told me the King seemed to be very angry with me. This great deliverance was

matter of wonder to all that heard of it; for many that were seized at the same time, whose charges were not so high as mine, were kept in the Gatehouse above six months; although nothing ever came by way of charge against them, from the time of their commitment till they were released.'

The poor Baptist was, however, now constantly in difficulties, constantly examined before magistrates, or incessantly exposed to the invasion of his domestic peace, as in the following, in which, however, we find some enjoyable matter.

'About six of the clock one evening, about the same time, a guard being kept at the exchange, a party of soldiers came to my house. They searched all my papers, and perused them, but found nothing. Looking, however, under my man's desk, they saw a book which they supposed was hid there. And indeed so it was, by my man, without my knowledge. This they readily snatched up, crying, now they had found something indeed; but when they had looked into it, they found it was a book of Reynard the Fox, which it seems my man used to read. When they saw their error they laid it down again, and carried me away to the guard at the Exchange.

'Sir Thomas Player being the chief commander there, asked me several questions. To whom I returned answer. He told me he had a special order to secure me; but if I would pass my word to be forthcoming when I was sent for, he would let me go home. I told him I should always be ready at any time. So I returned home again in the matter of an hour's time.'

Darkness thickened round the old man. He lost his son, who was poisoned by a Popish priest at Venice. While fearing to trust the young man alone among those countries of Jesuits, he sent a young minister for his companion: his son continued faithful, but the priest apostatized. He was prosecuted for forty pounds, being taken at a meeting: there were, however some errors in the proceedings and trial, which he discovered; he overthrew the informers, but he says it cost him thirty pounds to recover his forty again. With tender affection he then comes to the death of his wife—'the greatest sorrow I ever met with in this world.' The words of the old man are very pathetic in which he alludes to his loss.

'It pleased the Lord, some time after, to take to himself my dear and faithful wife, with whom I had lived nearly forty-four years. Her tenderness to me, and faithfulness to God, were such as cannot by me be expressed. She sympathised with me in all my afflictions, and I can truly say I never heard her utter the least discontent under all the various providences that attended myself or her. But, owning the hand of God in them, she was a constant encourager of me in the ways of God.'

Soon after her death he was prosecuted for fifteen meetings, which amounted to three hundred pounds. By skill and ability, and influence, he, however, escaped, through the informality of the indictment; and this was the last effort made to disturb the peace of the veteran Puritan merchant. But heavier trials remained behind, although we have no space to recite them. Indeed the most sorrowful part of the history of William Kiffin is his connexion with the Hewlings: they were his grandsons, and were taken prisoners after the Battle of Sedgemore. They had foolishly attached themselves to the Duke of Monmouth, and were of course ruined in his ruin. The account of their execution is among the most touching. Great efforts were made to save them. Their sister threw herself at the feet of James. Lord Churchill, afterwards the Duke of Marlborough, told her, before she saw the king, that marble was as capable of feeling compassion as the king's heart. Shortly afterwards James dared to interfere with the liberties of the City of London. It became a part of his policy to invite Kiffin to court. The account of his interview with the king is well known. The king talked to him of his favour to Dissenters, and concluded by telling Kiffin he had put him down as an alderman in his new charter. 'Sire,' said Kiffin, 'I am a very old man, and have withdrawn myself from all kind of business for some years past, and am incapable of doing any service in such an affair to your majesty or the city. Besides, sir,' the old man went on, fixing his eyes steadfastly on the king, while the tears ran down his cheeks, 'the death of my grandsons gave a wound to my heart which is still bleeding, and never will close but in the grave.' It is said that the king was struck by the manner, the freedom, and the spirit of the rebuke; it is said that his galled countenance seemed to shrink from the horrid remembrance. We do not believe it: that iron heart could not be smitten; that brazen brow could not recoil from human rebuke. The answer is a sufficient assurance: 'Mr. Kiffin, I shall find a balsam for that sore.' Lord Macaulay says no speech recorded of James gives so unfavourable a notion of his character as those few words. They are the words of a hard-hearted and low-minded man, unable to conceive any laceration of the affections for which a place or a pension would not be a full compensation.

After the expulsion of the Stewarts, Mr. Kiffin lived in quietness and the enjoyment of very much respect; and when the French Protestants were driven to England for refuge, he received into his protection a French family of considerable rank, fitted up and furnished a house of his own for their reception, provided them servants, and maintained them at his own

expense in a manner which bore some proportion to their rank in France. Afterwards they recovered some portion of their ruined fortune, but he would not diminish it by a shilling of retribution for the service he had rendered them. 'Such,' exclaims Noble, 'were the city patriots of those times!' He died, the 29th of December, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and was buried in that great *Campus Martius* of Nonconformity—the Bunhill Fields Burial Ground.

We have very hurriedly hastened over the life of this great representative Nonconformist; we should like to see his life dealt with in more detail, and commend William Kiffin to the editors of the Bunyan Library, as an admirable subject for some competent and accomplished pen.

VI.

THE WESLEYANS AND THE CHURCH.

IN contemplating the state of religious parties in England, and the relative positions which they respectively occupy to the Established Church, there is, perhaps, no body more deserving of attention and consideration than the Wesleyan Methodists. Little more than a century and a quarter have elapsed since the rise of that body, and whether we contemplate their astonishing numerical increase both at home and abroad, the great moral and religious good which they have effected among the masses of our people, or the vast amount of influence which they are able, if they please, to exert on the ecclesiastical character and condition of this empire, we cannot but regard them and their movements and polity with no small degree of interest.

Of late years this body has attracted towards it the attention of all the other religious parties in the land, from the mitred hierarch of the Established Church, down to the very humblest Dissenter who is struggling for religious freedom, and seeking the entire emancipation of himself and others from all State Church domination. This is, in a great measure, to be attributed to the fact that the Methodists have not, as a body, prominently identified themselves with either of the two great parties who, on the question of civil establishment of religion, are now arrayed against each other in this country. They have, for the most part, remained neutral; and it is but natural that

both the other parties referred to should feel no little interest as to the course which such an influential body are likely to adopt on this subject—whether they will, as some of their head men seem desirous to do, ally themselves with the Church and uphold her in her claims; or lend their aid and influence to help those who are endeavouring to defend and make universal that great principle of Christian willinghood which has, under God, made Methodism so powerful and so successful as it now is.

During the greater part of their existence as a distinct religious denomination, the Methodists have almost uniformly been scoffed at and vilified by the High Church party. With very few exceptions, the Established clergy regarded them with the bitterest contempt. Of this, Bishop Nightingale's scurrilous 'Portraiture of Methodism' is a standing memorial; and in some of the earlier publications even of the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, we find that when the writers wish to depict a religious fanatic, or an oily-tongued hypocrite who made his religion a cloak only for his sin, they are sure to deck him out in the habiliments of one of John Wesley's followers. But since the agitation for a separation of Church and State has been revived, the tables have, to a great extent, been turned. Even that meek man, the Bishop of Exeter, some years ago, in his place in Parliament, and in his charges to his clergy, spoke most respectfully of the Methodists, and offered most fraternally to welcome them back again into the Church. All this is, doubtless, pleasant and gratifying so far as it goes; but it does not require much perspicacity to perceive the reason of such unwonted liberality on the part of Churchmen. They imagine, and in fact affirm, that the Methodists, as a body, are friendly to the connexion between Church and State; and they have to a great extent been encouraged in this opinion by some of the leading Wesleyans, both ministers and laymen, who are most anxious to have it appear that they are not Dissenters, and that, as the followers of John Wesley, they must, as a matter of course, be Churchmen in principle, however erratic and dissenting they may be in their practice. That the leaders of the body, and perhaps a majority of the Conference, as at present constituted, are in favour of a State Church, is indisputable. The late attempt of Dr. Osborn and Mr. Percival Bunting, in their evidence before the Parliamentary Committee on the subject of Church Rates, to represent the body generally as favourable, not merely to the Established Church, as such, but also to her retaining the power of levying her present compulsory assessments from all classes of the community, is sufficient proof that this is the case. But the indignant protests against the evidence of these gentlemen that have been made in the Conference itself, and also in the public

prints, are sufficient to show that, whatever may be the view of a majority of the ministers on these subjects, the great mass of the people are not only Dissenters in practice, but also in principle; and this we have reason to know, not only from a pretty extensive acquaintance with the Methodists, but from the candid acknowledgment of some of the best informed among them.

The chief, if not the only argument that we have ever heard adduced in support of the present Church leanings of the denomination is, that their venerable founder was himself a decided Churchman, and they are therefore only acting out his avowed principles when, in the ecclesiastical struggles of these times, they range themselves on the side of the Church rather than on that of Dissent. As we believe ourselves to have a pretty thorough acquaintance with the writings of Mr. Wesley, we have long been persuaded that the above representation of his opinions and principles on the subject of religious establishments is not only not correct, but is directly at variance with his positive and repeated statements on the subject in different parts of his published works; and as this averment will, no doubt, be regarded by many as very questionable, we shall, in the sequel of this paper, proceed to prove it, by adducing evidence which no Wesleyan, be he preacher or layman, shall be able to gainsay. In his Sermons, and in his Notes on the New Testament, and also in the Minutes of Conference, drawn up under his own eye, the venerable Wesley has left on record his calm and sober opinions on the point in question. And as the doctrines contained in these Sermons and Notes constitute the creed which every Methodist preacher solemnly promises to teach on his admission into full ministerial connexion with the body, a few extracts from them will, perhaps, serve to illustrate the consistency of the men who, notwithstanding the solemn engagement referred to, are found upholding the very system which John Wesley so strongly and frequently denounced. In his sermon on Ecclesiastes vii. 10, which was first published by him in the 'Arminian Magazine' for December, 1787, speaking of the age of Constantine, he says:—'Of this period several writers give us most magnificent accounts. One eminent author, no less a man than Dr. Newton, the late Bishop of Bristol, has been at no small pains to show that the conversion of Constantine to Christianity, and the emoluments which he bestowed upon the church, with an unsparing hand, were the event which is signified in the revelation by the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven. But I cannot in anywise subscribe to the bishop's opinion in this matter. So far from it, that I have long been convinced, from the whole tenor of history, that this very event, Constantine's calling himself a Christian, and

pouring in that flood of wealth and power on the Christian church, the clergy in particular, was productive of more evil to the church than all the ten persecutions put together. From the time that power, riches, and honours of all kinds were heaped upon the Christians, vice of all kinds came in like a flood, both on the clergy and laity. From the time that the Church and the State, the kingdoms of Christ and of the world, were so strongly and unnaturally blended together, Christianity and heathenism were so thoroughly incorporated with each other, that they will hardly ever be divided till Christ comes to reign upon the earth. So that, instead of fancying that the glory of the New Jerusalem covered the earth at that period, we have terrible proof that it was then, and has ever since been, covered with the smoke of the bottomless pit.*

A few paragraphs farther on, he adds:—‘It is the case beyond all contradiction in North America, that the total indifference of the government there whether there be any religion or none, leaves room for the propagation of the scriptural religion without the least let or hindrance.’ In his ‘Notes on the New Testament,’ he speaks with equal clearness and decision on the same subject.† ‘The beast,’ says he, ‘is a spiritually secular power, opposite to the kingdom of Christ; a power not merely spiritual or ecclesiastical, nor merely secular or political, but a mixture of both.‡ In his note also on 2 Thess. ii. 7, when speaking of the great anti-Christian system foretold and foredoomed in that chapter, he says, ‘This mystery of iniquity is not wholly confined to the Romish church, but extends to others also.’§

Our next quotation is a most important one, and we earnestly request to it the serious attention of our Wesleyan brethren, inasmuch as it is to be regarded, not merely as Mr. Wesley’s

* We have been told that in the editions of ‘Wesley’s Sermons,’ issued of late years from the Methodist book-room, this paragraph has been expunged in consequence of its strong anti-State Church character. The present leaders of the body, seeing the impossibility of reconciling such a passage with their own hankering policy in favour of the Church, have actually put it into their ‘Index Expurgatorius,’ and dishonestly mutilated this portion of their venerable founder’s testimony on this subject, as well as of the creed which they themselves engaged at their ordination to teach and maintain. We have not ourselves had opportunity of examining and comparing the different editions of the ‘Sermons,’ so as to verify the foregoing statement; and, of course, we state only what has been reported to us by those who have.

† ‘Wesley’s Works,’ vol. vii. 8vo edition, pp. 114, 115.

‡ Westley’s Notes on Rev. xiii.

§ Wesley’s Notes in *hoc loc.*

own opinion, but the opinion also of all those who, at the time, constituted the Methodist Conference. We take it from the Rev. Richard Watson's *Life of Mr. Wesley*; and it is, he tells us, copied from the manuscript Minutes of Conference for 1744 or 1745, he does not distinctly say which. 'Q. Does a church in the New Testament always mean a single congregation? A. We believe it does: we do not recollect any instance to the contrary. Q. What instance or ground is there in the New Testament for a national church? A. We know of none at all: we apprehend it to be a merely political institution. Q. In what age was the Divine right of Episcopacy first asserted in England? A. About the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Till then, all bishops and clergy in England continually allowed, and joined in, the ministrations of those who were not Episcopally ordained. Q. Was there any thought of uniformity in the government of all churches until the time of Constantine? A. It is certain there was not; nor would there have been, had men consulted the Word of God.'*

That these opinions, thus early and decidedly entertained by Mr. Wesley, were never abandoned by him, as some of his High Church followers would fain persuade us, but were retained and avowed by him to the very latest period of his life, is capable of the amplest demonstration. The minutes from which the above extract is taken were passed in 1745. Forty-two years afterwards he published his sermon on 'Former Times,' from which we have quoted; and in it he declares that his early opinions as to the evil nature and effects of State Churches were still held by him, and, as his long usage intimates, with deepened and strengthened conviction of their truth; and if we pass on to his celebrated pastoral letter to the American societies, on the conclusion of the war between Britain and that country, in that letter he abandons Episcopacy, and defends his own right, as a mere presbyter, to ordain bishops, or rather, what he designed them to be, permanent superintendents over the American churches.† 'Lord King's account of the

* Watson's 'Life of Wesley,' pp. 156, 157.

† That Mr. Wesley never intended Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury to be bishops, in the episcopalian sense of that term, is plain, not only from his own language in the extracts given in the text, but especially from his letter to Mr. Asbury, dated London, September 20, 1788, in which he says: 'One instance of this, your greatness, has given me great concern. How can you, how dare you, suffer yourself to be called a bishop? I shudder at the very thought. Men may call me a man, or a fool, or a rascal, or a scoundrel, and I am content; but they shall never, with my consent, call me a bishop. For my sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, put a full end to this.'—*Rev. J. Timberman, in Rupp's 'Religious Denominations in the United States,' pp. 478, 479.*

primitive Church convinced me, many years ago, that bishops and presbyters are the same order, and, consequently, have the right to ordain.' And as his fourth reason for ordaining Dr. Coke and Mr. Whatcoat, and deputing them to ordain Mr. Asbury to the office of elder, instead of getting some one of the English bishops to do it, he says, 'As our American brethren are now totally disentangled both from the State and the English hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again, either with the one or the other. They are now at full liberty simply to follow the Scriptures and the primitive Church. And we judge it best that they should stand fast in that liberty wherewith God has so strangely made them free.'* In a letter also to his brother Charles, on this same subject, quoted by Mr. Watson, he says, 'I firmly believe that I am a scriptural bishop as much as any man in England or in Europe; for the uninterrupted succession I know to be a fable which no man ever did or can prove.'†

That these views were the expression of Mr. Wesley's calm and sober judgment must appear evident to every unprejudiced person; and their being so is completely confirmed by the language of Dr. Coke, when fulfilling and justifying the mission which Mr. Wesley had sent him to America to discharge. At the ordination of Mr. Asbury, that Doctor preached a sermon in explanation and defence of his own and Mr. Wesley's conduct; and we cannot for a moment imagine he would utter one syllable for which he had not the sanction of his venerable friend and patron. That sermon was published at Baltimore, in 1784. In the first part of it, the Doctor says, 'The Church of England, of which the Society of Methodists in general have, till lately, professed themselves a part, did for many years groan in America under grievances of the heaviest kind. Subjected to a hierarchy which weighs everything in the scale of politics, its most important interests were repeatedly sacrificed to the supposed advantages of England. The churches were, in general, filled with the parasites and bottle companions of the great. The humble and most importunate entreaties of the oppressed flocks—yea, the representations of a general assembly itself—were contemned and despised. Everything sacred must bow down at the feet of a party, the holiness and happiness of mankind be sacrificed to their views, and the drunkard, the fornicator, and extortioner triumph over bleeding Zion, because they were faithful abettors of the ruling powers. Blessed be God, and praised be His holy name, that the memorable Revolution has

* Hampson's 'Life of Wesley,' vol. ii. pp. 179, 180.

† Watson's 'Life of Wesley,' p. 287.

struck off these intolerable fetters, and broken the anti-Christian union which before subsisted between Church and State; and had there been no other advantage arising from that glorious epoch, this itself, I believe, would have made ample compensation for all the calamities of war.'

In the latter part of this sermon Dr. Coke answers objections that were likely to be made to the course Mr. Wesley and himself were pursuing. In replying to the objection, 'But don't you break the succession?' he as thoroughly abandons episcopacy as Mr. Wesley had himself done in the extract already quoted: he says, 'that the uninterrupted succession of bishops is a point that has long been given up by the ablest defenders of episcopacy.' He then quotes, with approbation, the sentiments of Bishop Hoadley in his controversy with Dr. Calamy; refers to Clement's epistle to the Corinthians for proof that 'the church of Corinth was governed only by a college of presbyters,' and to that of Polycarp to the church of Philippi as evidencing that that church was governed in the same manner; and he concludes his reply by saying, 'that the primitive Christians were so far from esteeming the regular succession as essential to the constitution of a Christian church, that in some instances episcopacy itself was wholly omitted.'

A more important objection is next stated and replied to. 'But are you not schismatics by your separation from the church?' A 'Christian church is a body of professors who hold the fundamentals of the Christian religion, in doctrine and practice. But we are not ignorant, we cannot be ignorant that the chief part of the clergy, and the members of the Church of England (so called), do either tacitly or explicitly deny the doctrines of justification by faith; the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, and the witness of the Spirit of God; points which we esteem most fundamental, yea, essentially necessary to constitute a child of God. We are not, we cannot be ignorant that they justify as innocent many of the criminal pleasures of the world: card-playing, dancing, theatrical amusements, &c.; pleasures utterly inconsistent with union and communion with God. And though we admire their liturgy, and are determined to retain it, with a few alterations, we cannot, we will not, hold communion with them, till the Holy Spirit of God has made them see and feel the evil of the practices and the importance of the doctrines mentioned above. And for this schism (if it must have the name) we are cheerfully ready to answer at the bar of God.

"Why, then, did you not separate before?" It has long been the design of the majority of the brethren and people; but

they submitted to the superior judgment of Mr. Wesley, who, till the Revolution, doubted of the propriety of the step.

“But did not your preachers constantly exhort the people to attend the service of the Church of England?” In the general they did, from a full persuasion, drawn from experience, that they had no other alternative, to preserve our society, but an adherence to the Church of England, which was totally destitute of real discipline, or a formation of ourselves into an independent church; and some of them, perhaps, did this with a degree of imprudence which I will not defend.*

We beg the attention of our readers to these extracts; for, notwithstanding their length they are too important to be omitted. They are, it is true, the sentiments only of Dr. Coke; but as he had been fully instructed by Mr. Wesley how he was to act on his arrival in America, whither he went as Mr. Wesley's representative and the exponent and vindicator of his views and policy, and as Mr. Wesley never expressed the slightest dissent from any of the Doctor's statements, we are fully warranted to regard them as Mr. Wesley's own sentiments, expressive, at that advanced period of his life, of the sober, honest, conscientious convictions to which, in the providence of God, he had been brought on these subjects, and clearly showing that, although when he commenced his public career he might be but an Episcopalian and a decided state-churchman, he was now neither, his views on both points having been completely changed; so that he had become, in principle and practice, a dissenter from the constitution, doctrine, discipline, and fellowship of the Established Church.

To these proofs, as to what Mr. Wesley's mature opinions were, in regard to the Established Church, and the connection between church and state, we could easily add others to the same effect, but our space will not allow of it.† We cannot, however, refrain from giving a quotation on the same subject from the Rev. Charles Wesley. It is generally said, and believed, that he was a very high churchman, and often found fault with his

* Hampson's 'Life of Wesley,' vol. ii. pp. 181—190; where the greater part of Dr. Coke's sermon is given. It sent Hampson away back to the Established Church, to resume his ministry within her pale.

† We cannot refrain from giving his views as to the consecration of burial grounds. 'Consecration,' says he, 'is not authorised by law, nor ordained by the Prayer Book. It was not practised in the purest ages of the Church, but is a relic of Popish superstition.' He declares that 'either the clerk or the sexton may as well consecrate the church, or the yard, as the bishop;' and he shrewdly inquires, 'Pray, how deep is the consecrated ground?' In fine, he 'wonders that any sensible Protestant should think it right to countenance it; and more, that any reasonable man should plead for the necessity of it.'

brother John for what he regarded as his disorderly and uncanonical proceedings in allowing his people to go so far in the direction of separation from the church as they did. That this was the fact during the earlier part of Mr. Charles Wesley's ministry we do not question; but our conviction is that, like his brother, he was led, in spite of himself, by the occurrences of Divine Providence to alter very considerably, if not completely, his views on these subjects before his death. And in support of this conviction we beg to adduce a poem of his on the very subject of the union between Church and State; and we leave Dr. Osborn, or any other of the present leading members of the Methodist Conference to reconcile, if they can, the sentiments of the poem with the ordinary fancies as to the continuance of Mr. C. Wesley's predilections in favour of the Established Church. Of the authenticity of the poem itself there cannot be the slightest doubt. We copied it a good many years ago from the celebrated Thomas Taylor's 'Defence of Methodism,' published in 1792; and Mr. Taylor, who had the amplest means of knowing, expressly declares that it was composed by the Rev. C. Wesley. It is as follows:—

'Inventions added in an evil hour,
 Human appendages of pomp and power.
 Whatever shines in outward grandeur great,
 I give it up—a creature of the State!
 Wide of the church, as hell from heaven is wide,
 The blaze of riches, and the glare of pride,
 The vain desire of being entitled *Lord*,
 The worldly kingdom, and the princely sword.
 But should the bold, aspiring spirit dare
 Still higher climb, and sit in Moses' chair,
 Power o'er my faith and conscience to maintain,
 Shall I submit, and suffer it to reign,
 Call it the *Church*, and darkness put for light,
 Falsehood with truth confound, and wrong with right?
 No; I dispute the evil's haughty claim:
 The spirit of the world be still its name.
 Whatever called by man, 'tis purely evil;
 'Tis Babal, Antichrist, and Pope and Devil!'

We have now, we trust, proved to the satisfaction of our readers that neither of the Messrs. Wesley were so decided in their attachment to the Church of England, as some of their followers are so anxious to represent them. Not only were they fully satisfied as to the unscriptural character of her constitution, and the laxity of her discipline, but they had also very far seceded from her episcopalian polity. At all events John Wesley had become both in principle and in practice a Presbyterian; and he has left a convincing proof of this in the constitution of

the denomination formed by him, for it is almost as much a Presbyterian body as any one of the denominations that call themselves by that name either in England or Scotland. This, then, being the case, we cannot but regard the attempts which have been and are being made to misrepresent Mr. Wesley's real sentiments, and pervert the influence of the connexion, for upholding a system which he has so strongly condemned and reprobated, as deserving of the strongest reprehension. Indeed we have often been grieved to see how some of the Conference leaders had degraded both themselves and the body by their paltry subserviency to the Established Church. We well remember the years 1833 and 1834, when the Anti-state Church agitation was being carried on with great activity on both sides of the Tweed; and frequently were we vexed and saddened by the attempts of the then Wesleyan Conference to repress the feeling against establishments that was rapidly increasing throughout the connexion, and which was developing itself in public meetings, and in petitions to Parliament for the relief of Dissenters from their grievances, and for the total separation of church and state. In the 'Methodist Magazine' (the Conference organ) for these years, there were frequent papers published evidently with the design of gagging, as it were, both preachers and people, and preventing them from discussing, or taking part in the agitation of, these great leading questions of the day. One of these papers we may specify as a sample of the stock. It occurs in the number for March, 1834, and is in the form of a letter from the Rev. Joseph Entwistle, sen., to the editor, and is entitled 'Methodists and the present times.' The first part of the paper contains a number of extracts from Mr. Wesley's writings, expressive of his attachment to the Church, and his unwillingness that his followers should separate from it; but of the aim of the article no unprejudiced reader can for one moment doubt; it was to put down, by strong hand of authority, all free discussion on the important topics then agitating the whole kingdom. In proof of this, the following extracts are sufficient. 'I would,' says he, 'remark here two things, viz., that it is expected that persons admitted into the society should abstain from all doubtful disputations on doctrines, and that class leaders and preachers should avow their belief of the standard doctrines of Methodism and their attachment to its discipline.' In a subsequent paragraph, after quoting Mr. Wesley's eleventh rule of a helper, which, in substance, is that a preacher has nothing to do but to save souls, he thus addresses the editor: 'We ought to beware, my dear brother, of everything that has a tendency to divert either the

preachers or people from the great object for which the principles, doctrines, and economy of our body are avowedly in active operation, that is, to spread scriptural religion throughout the land, and over all the earth.' Let our readers mark the animus of these words. Mr. Entwistle and his colleagues of the Conference regard all discussion on the nature and constitution of Christ's kingdom as '*doubtful dispensation*,' in fact as no part of '*scriptural religion*.' But their venerable founder very differently regarded it when he gave it so prominent a place in his sermon on 'Former Times,' and so also did the Conference of 1745 when they declared so plainly and unequivocally that 'all state churches were mere political institutions.' Times, however, were now altered, preachers and class leaders were at perfect liberty to discuss all the topics contained in Mr. Wesley's notes and sermons, but this one was excepted. Mr. Entwistle and his brethren had become higher Churchmen than was their venerable founder, and, therefore, the rest of the body must be content to allow this portion of their solemnly subscribed creed to fall quietly into forgetfulness.

Did our space permit, we could easily specify instances in which the leaders of the Conference have, in order to ingratiate themselves with the Church party, involved the connexion in transactions not very consistent or defensible. One case of a very glaring kind we shall mention. In the returns of the census for Ireland, in the year 1831, the Episcopalian population was swelled, to the astonishment of all who knew how the facts really stood, far beyond the actual number. Inquiry was made, and it at last came out that some little time before the census was taken, a request was made by certain parties in the Irish Established Church, to the leaders of the Irish Wesleyans, to permit all their people to be ranked among the members or adherents of the Established Church. Permission was accordingly given, and all the Wesleyans in that island, seceders and separatists though they be from the Law Church, were included in the Episcopalian returns, in order to serve the party purposes of the Church clergy, and help them in deceiving and imposing on the British people as to the real position of the Established Church in Ireland.* And that the British Conference were perfectly aware of this shameful transaction, which could not have been perpetrated without their permission, is certain; for it was referred to and acknowledged by the Dean of Ardagh, in his speech at the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, held in Exeter Hall, 1st

* See speech of the Rev. J. Carlisle, of Belfast, at Irish Evangelical Anniversary. *Patriot* newspaper, May 20, 1840.

May, 1837. 'The Church of Ireland,' he said, 'is under too great obligations to the Wesleyan Methodists not to be deeply sensible of them. I know, Mr. Chairman, that through the exertions of the Wesleyan Methodists of Ireland, the dying embers of the Church of England were raised into a flame.' And again, 'Mr. Chairman, I tell you that when the late census of the Protestants of Ireland was taken, the Methodists of the two connexions in Ireland, as far as I understand, to a man, put down their names as members of the Church of England.* And will it be credited by the friends of honesty and truth, this avowal of a fraud, for we cannot call it by any other name, was loudly cheered by the Methodist ministers and others who were present in Exeter Hall on that occasion? and in expressing approbation of such a transaction, they just shewed their willingness to lend the connexion to any work to please the bishops, and help them in their hour of calamity and distress.

But we would be doing far wrong were we to include the whole denomination in such questionable proceedings. We are perfectly aware that it is only among the magnates of the Conference, and among the rich and worldly of the people, that any strong feeling in favour of the Established Church exists. Anxious to get rid of the odium with which dissent is regarded in certain high circles, these parties scruple not to throw to the winds the opinions of their venerable founder about State Churches. Many of the preachers, we rejoice to know, from personal acquaintance with several of them, are as one with us on this great question, while the great mass of the people readily join their Dissenting brethren, in spite of all Dr. Osborn and Mr. Percival Bunting can say to the contrary, in petitioning Parliament for relief from church rates and other ecclesiastical grievances; and when such men talk, as they invariably do, of Mr. Wesley's great attachment to the Church, and of his living and dying in its communion, it is, in our humble judgment, calculated to reflect no great credit on Mr. Wesley's consistency. At one time we find him denouncing all State Churches as 'mere political institutions,' and, at another, we find him glorying in his connexion with one, and refusing to let his people separate from it. Mr. Wesley must, therefore, have been either a man of no fixed opinions on this subject, or there must be another view taken of his conduct than that taken by so many of his followers, to preserve his consistency; and that view is this:—We must distinguish between Mr. Wesley's judgment and his prejudices.†

* 'Methodist Magazine,' June, 1837.

† That Mr. Wesley, with all his wisdom and piety, was sadly under the

The former, when left unbiassed, was, as we have shown, decidedly against all ecclesiastical establishments; the latter, again, had such influence over him, that he could never bring himself to reduce his opinions on this subject to practice.

It was our intention, when we began this paper, to have shown that Mr. Wesley was by no means alone in his condemnation of State Churches; that his opinions were held by many of the other fathers of Methodism; and we had culled a few passages from the writings of Mr. Benson, and from those also of Drs. Coke and Clark, in proof of the fact; but the length to which our remarks have gone prevent us at present. We shall therefore conclude by calling upon our Methodist friends throughout the empire to judge of themselves, not by what Dr. Osborn or Mr. Percival Bunting, and the party to which they belong, say they are, but from Mr. Wesley's calm and sober sentiments, written by him when his prejudices were asleep, and avowed by him at frequent intervals during the last fifty years of his life.

He himself tells us that he originally set out with a devoted resolution to follow the leadings of Providence, as they became evident to his mind. He did so; and step by step he was led, as he candidly admitted, even against his inclination, to diverge away from the Church; and the more independently his followers have acted, the more has God blessed and prospered them. Now, what plainer evidence can you have of the line of duty which it is incumbent on you to pursue? And if Mr. Wesley congratulated the American societies on their deliverance from State Church thralldom, and not only declared that he dared not seek again to subject them to the yoke, but exhorted them 'to stand fast in the liberty with which God had so strangely made them free,' see that ye despise not a counsel so pregnant with wisdom and discretion. God has, as yet, kept you free; and it is your duty to maintain your liberty, and resist meekly, but firmly and determinedly, every attempt of your preachers or others to bring you into bondage, or to transform

influence of early prejudice, is but too well known to every reader of the 'Arminian Magazine,' which was conducted so many years by himself. In almost every number of that work we have accounts of what he calls well authenticated cases of witchcraft and apparitions, in both of which he was a firm believer. In the volume for 1782, p. 336, when introducing a strange account of an evil spirit in Burgundy, he makes the following extraordinary declaration:—'With my latest breath will I bear my testimony against giving up to infidels one great proof of the invisible world: I mean that of witchcraft and apparitions, confirmed by the testimony of all ages;'—a striking proof that John Wesley, the man, the scholar, and the Christian, had never been able to shake off the impressions received by John Wesley, the boy, in the haunted rectory of Epworth.

your great *Voluntary Church* into 'a mere political institution.' Should the day ever arrive when such an event shall take place, it will be the most disastrous that your body ever saw. Your sun, that for a century and more has shed its enlightening influences on the dark places of our world, both at home and abroad, will become obscured. Your memorial will remain to tell of the past; but the Connexion, as such, will sink down and disappear among the stagnant marshes of the Church. And in fine, permit us to remind you, in all brotherly kindness, that, however good and great a man Mr. Wesley was, and however deserving of your admiration and respect, he was but a man, and had his failings, like us all. Do not bind yourselves by his opinions on any subject, save in so far as you conscientiously believe them to be scriptural. Remember who has said, 'Call no man master on earth; for one is your master, even Christ.' He is alone King in Zion; and it is His sole prerogative to say to His people what they shall believe, and what duties, also, they must practise. And however highly we may esteem and confide in any human preacher, we dare not sacrifice, from love to him, our obedience to the precept, 'Prove all things: hold fast that which is good.'

VII.

HINTS TOWARDS A BRIDGEWATER TREATISE ON
LAUGHTER.*

WE have not read 'The Wise Men of Abdera' in its own language, by Wieland, and therefore we are unable to say whether the dulness of *The Republic of Fools* is due to its author or to the translator; but unmistakably a dull book it is, a safe and most warrantable narcotic. The editor institutes some comparison between it and other great philosophical romances; but by the side of almost any—any within our knowledge—Swift, Quevedo, Rabelais, it is dull, and very dull; one cannot but feel that really the editor cannot be altogether to blame that so little has been made of one of the very best texts that the humourist ever had to descant upon. But perhaps this was an

* *The Republic of Fools.* By Wieland. Translated by Henry Christmas, M.A. Williams & Norgate.

order of humour in which Wieland was not very likely to shine, certainly not among the chief luminaries.

Well acquainted as our readers are with the Bridgewater Treatises on the goodness, personality, power, and wisdom of God, it has often occurred to us that many topics not touched upon in those renowned publications may be made subservient to the teachings of natural theology, although they have not yet been permitted to illustrate it. If Sir Charles Bell finds God in the human hand, or Buckland in a piece of coal, or Roget in a place where some alone look for him—the stomach, why may it not be permitted to find divine intentions underlying the causes of laughter? It is a good thing to attempt to see the measure of the divine, the human, and even the infernal, in all things. That we laugh is certain. That even good men laugh who can doubt? That highest, holiest men, great reformers and martyrs, have obtained their irresistible influence over their fellow-men by their skill in wielding the weapons of humour—rousing even to very mirthful views of things—who can doubt? True we all begin to find how wrong it is to laugh when the laugh goes against us. But it would not be impossible to find many names, or perhaps to descant on the anonymia of Sacred Laughter; the vision of Piers Ploughman; the somewhat harsh and unwise merriment of Martin Masprelate; more especially the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Vivorum*. We have before now referred to the humourists of the pulpit, and the humourists of the table, without calling up any more names. Is it not enough to say the monarchs of laughter have done something for the world? Far be it from us to inculcate or to commend the habit of regarding everything from its comic or a comic side. This can be neither Christian, manly, nor healthy. But there are legitimate worlds of humour and wit, and we do not desire to be so good as to be beyond the rich quaint tracery, the queer and grotesque figures, upon the arras wrought by many of the fathers of our literature. Such independence, alas! would make us independent of the humour of Bunyan and the innocent mirth of Cowper.

‘To blow a large regular and durable soap bubble may become the serious occupation of a philosopher,’ says Sir John Herschell. Certainly, and we know there is a tradition that the venerable Sir Isaac Newton was well laughed at by a fop who saw him so engaged. The poor empty head was little aware that the other head, with its illustrious crown of grey hairs, was engaged in making observations and marking experiments on the prismatic colours. We purpose in some light and almost playful way to call attention for a page or two to some of

the bubbles of the mind, which may, although evanescent as bubbles, be prisms also reflecting something of the higher solar light upon their frail forms. For there are aspects of highest wisdom in many of the forms of wit, and Divine life may and does shine through much that only creates laughter. Poetry, harmony, and wisdom are revealed by very incongruity, and are lightened and illustrated by ridicule. It is the office of poetry to reveal to us the wisdom of the universe. It is the office of wisdom to descant upon the intelligence and the design of things in nature. Poetry reveals to us the Divine thought of things, by showing to us the precision, order, harmony, and arrangement; and wit, by showing to us the opposites. Poetry idealises and exalts its subject, and wit and humour may be said to degrade: but in doing so they also exalt. Thus laughter becomes one of the Divine forces of the world: of course we include, in the idea of laughter, all that provokes to mirth or tends to the exuberant overflow of joyful spirits in cheerfulness. Many manifestations are loud, boisterous; others deep, calm, cachinnatory, cheerful,—so that we might form a ladder of laughter; for laughter has its lower and its higher regions,—its lower, the kingdom of men, animal spirits, and excitement; its higher, the kingdom of moral perceptions and intuitions. This is the large domain of cheerfulness. Thus laughter is the result of sensations and ideas. The lowest order is the result of sensation, such as tickling, or absurd and grotesque association or disguise; but even the last of these merge in the higher of the ludicrous—the juxtaposition of ideas. This lowest region just meets Hobbes's well known idea of laughter, that it is a triumph of the spirits. Such laughter is grotesque, and has frequently no other ground for itself than mere clap-trap or confusion of ideas. But was Hobbes right? Is it true that all laughter is a kind of glorying, a kind of internal chuckling and contempt? Does he who laughs feel that he has attained a superior elevation and the right to triumph over the man who provokes the laugh? The passage is well known, but we may ask the reader to turn to it again, and here it is:—

‘HOBBS'S THEORY.

‘There is,’ he says, ‘a passion that hath no name; but the sign of it is, that distortion of the countenance which we call laughter, which is always joy; but what joy, what we think, and wherein we triumph when we laugh, is not hitherto declared by any. *That it consisteth in wit, or, as they call it, in the jest, experience confuteth: for men laugh at mischances and indecencies, wherein there lieth no wit nor jest at all.* And forasmuch as the same thing is no more

ridiculous when it groweth stale or usual, whatsoever it be that moveth laughter, it must be new and unexpected. Men laugh often (especially such as are greedy of applause) from everything they do well, at their own actions performed never so little beyond their own expectations; as also at their own jests; and in this case it is manifest that the passion of laughter proceedeth from a sudden conception of some ability in himself that laugheth. Also men laugh at the infirmities of others, by comparison wherewith their own abilities are set off and illustrated. Also men laugh at jests, the wit whereof always consisteth in the elegant discovering and conveying to our minds some absurdity of another: and in this case also the passion of laughter proceedeth from the sudden imagination of our own oddes and eminency: for what is else the recommending of ourselves to our own good opinion, by comparison with another man's infirmity or absurdity? for when a jest is broken upon ourselves, or friends of whose dishonour we participate, we never laugh thereat. I may therefore conclude, that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory, arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour.'

Now this certainly is not true in theory. All laughter is not contempt; it is the sudden shock of surprise, it is a kind of mental or moral electricity. It is surprise at sudden and unexpected combinations; and laughter may as frequently be language of admiration as the other. It is related of the Duke of Wellington, we think at Waterloo, he had been very cool and imperturbable; but, standing with an *aide-de-camp*, a cannon-ball struck close to their feet, tore up the earth, and created confusion around them. The Duke rubbed his hands, and turned to his companion, exclaiming, 'It's getting very animating, sir—very animating.' This is related in Sir George Larpent's memoirs. Certainly it is no contempt we feel when we laugh here. But it may be that there is an order of laughter which meets Hobbes's disquisition. Sometimes laughter is provoked by a more unmeaning carnival of words, like those ever on the lips of Mrs. Malaprop—mere absurdity and confusion of ideas. Hence usually the bulls of Irishmen,—that one, for instance, who 'enlisted into the 81st Regiment that he might be near his brother in the 82nd.' Absurdity is the spring of emotion in the lowest form of laughter. A story is told of a passenger on a crowded deck of an American packet from California. Addressing the skipper, 'I should like a sleeping berth, now, if you please.' Skipper, 'Why, where have you been sleeping these two nights?' 'Wal, I've been

sleeping a-top a sick man ; but he's got billis, now, and he won't stand it any longer.' Such instances as these seem to justify the theory of Hobbes, that laughter is a kind of glorying or triumph. 'How will you be tried?' said the judge to the Irishman. 'By nobody at all, please your Lordship.' 'Don't come here again,' said the magistrate to another Irishman. 'I would not have come this time if the constable hadn't brought me.'

A North British editor remarks upon the annoyance of the law for the registration of births as annoying to many:—

'The following dialogue is said to have taken place in a parish in Forfarshire (where, as elsewhere in the Highlands, "she" and "her" are often used for "he" and "him") :—Registrar, to the woman wishing the birth of her son registered—"And the name of the child is John?" "Yes, sir." "Is she male or female?" "Male, sir." "Is she your own child?" "He is, sir." "And was you present at his birth?" (Exit the woman, in perfect astonishment.)'

To the same order belongs the following account of a logical drunkard:—

'At Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, an Earl's Barton man was charged with being drunk, which he denied, as he knew what he was about. "If I war drunk," said he, "and know'd I war drunk, then I warn't drunk; but if I war drunk, and didn't know I war drunk, then I war drunk." The drunkard's logic did not suffice, and the magistrate made him pay the drunkard's fine.'

And the anecdote is well known of

'A clerk at a little village church in the West of England, where the service is never commenced on Sunday morning until the "squire" has taken his seat. One Sunday, however, this gentleman happened to be late, and a neighbouring clergyman, not acquainted with the ways of the place, was "doing duty." So he commenced with "When the wicked man—" He had proceeded no further, when up jumped the clerk, bawling out, "Stop, stop, sir, he's not come yet."'

Not so well known is the following:—

'An honest old man, rather ignorant of the improved method of abbreviation, on looking over his grocer's bill, occasionally found charges like the following:—"To 1 lb. tea—to 1 lb. ditto." "Wife," said he, "this 'eres a putty business, I should like to know what you have done with so much of this 'ere ditto." "Ditto, ditto?" replied the old lady, "never had a pound of ditto in the house in all my life!" So back went honest old squire in high dudgeon that he should have been charged with things he had never received. "Mr. B.," said he, "shan't stand this—wife says she hain't had a pound of this tarnal ditto in the house in her life." The merchant, thereupon, explained

the meaning of the term, and the squire went home satisfied. His wife inquired if he had found out the meaning of the ditto. "Yes," said he, "it means that I'm an old fool, and you're ditto."

'A Scottish clergyman, by the name of Watty Morrison, was a man of great laughter humour. On one occasion a young officer scoffed at the idea that it required so much time and study to write a sermon as ministers pretended, and offered a bet that he would preach half an hour on any passage in the Old Testament without any preparation. Mr. Morrison took the bet, and gave him for a text, "And the ass opened his mouth and he spake." The parson won the wager, the officer being rather disinclined to employ his eloquence upon the text. On another occasion Morrison entreated the officer to pardon a poor soldier for some offence he had committed. The officer agreed to do so if he would, in return, grant him the first favour he would ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this. In a day or two the officer demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a young puppy. The clergyman assented; and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism. Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog as was customary in the baptism of children, and said, "As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the Church." "Certainly," said the officer, "I expect all the ceremony." "Well, then, officer, I begin with the usual question: You acknowledge yourself to be the father of this puppy?" A roar of laughter burst from the company, and the officer threw the candidate for baptism away, asserting that a parson was too much for a soldier.'

Thus, then, the first cause of laughter is simple absurd incoherency, the juxtaposition of ideas merely incongruous; and while we shall surely find this incongruity following us all along in the highest as well as in the lowest, yet the most uproarious absurdities are those which strike more the senses, or sensations, than the mind. It is sufficient for our purpose to notice, that there seems to be established in human nature a sympathy with the unity in things. The philosophy which finds all beauty to be merely the association of ideas, will trace laughter to the same cause; no doubt the springs of delight and laughter are one, but the sense of beauty and of deformity is not in things, but in the essential harmony of the human soul.

We ascend a little in the scale of laughter when we rise even to caricature and pasquinade, and although yet only a lower region, it is the divine force of ridicule; it is a power which has been wielded by the Popes and Cowpers, the Swifts and Thackerays; it, perhaps, is not always divine teaching, but it is great unteaching. It was in the exercise of this gift that Pope could say,

'Yes, I *am* proud, I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me;

Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone.'

To this order of writing, indeed, especially belongs the epigram, the great characteristic of Pope's writing; his verses teem and overflow with epigrams; this is as much the weakness as the strength of these poems. Johnson erred greatly when he likened the sonnets of Milton to a giant carving heads on cherry-stones; but this is the very characteristic of Pope's writings,—so neat, so indicative of something greater, so sharp yet bitter and clever, it is in this spirit he utters as the aim of his poetry to—

'Dash the proud gamester from his gilded car,
Bare the base heart that lurks beneath a star.'

This power of the epigram is especially felt as incongruity, and Hood, in his higher moods, used it with consummate skill. Laughter like this usually serves the world; thus of the Bigot,—

'You have been to Palestine, alas!
Some minds improve by travel; others rather
Resemble copper, wire, or brass,
Which get the narrower by going farther.'

It is this same power which, while one of his most inconsiderable gifts, breaks forth with wonderful effect in the writings of Thomas Carlyle. He hurls this scathing lava about him with a fearful power, when, for instance he describes, 'A serene highness in the abstract; unexceptionable human mask, behung with titles, and no doubt with a stomach inside of it.' And hence one of the most powerful springs of proverbial wisdom—wisdom folded in humour, frequently in a kind of triumphant and contemptuous humour. 'You'll never make a shaft of a pig's tail,' 'An Atheist has got one point beyond the devil,' 'If the best man's faults were written in his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.' There is a *detective power in ridicule* which in an astonishing manner reveals the weakest side. 'It is astonishing,' said Coleridge, 'but an eggshell may look exceedingly like an egg;' but ridicule, almost applauding laughter, smashes these eggshells. This is one of its divine forces, and thus it serves the interests of truth. Ridicule is the literary detective; perhaps this may be called *the logical power of laughter*, for logic can avail itself of the force of ridicule to destroy a folly; we may speak of this as logic hung upon spear-points, yet sometimes it takes a very quiet course.

'There is an anecdote told of Dr. Emmons, one of the most able of the New England divines, meeting a Pantheistical physician at the house of a sick parishioner. It was no place for a dispute. But the abrupt question of the Pantheist was, "Mr. Emmons, how old are you?" "Sixty, sir; and how old are you?" came the quick reply.

"As old as creation, sir," was the triumphant response. "Then you are of the same age with Adam and Eve?" "Certainly; I was in the garden when they were." "I have always heard that there was a third party in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was you."

Thus we read of Louis XIV. :—

"The remains of Molière, as an actor, were refused burial in consecrated ground. The widow of Molière, in despair, threw herself at the King's feet, and implored his interference. The King sent for the Archbishop of Paris, and remonstrated with him; but the prelate was inflexible. At last his Majesty thought of an expedient, which compromised the delicate question. He demanded to know the exact depth of consecrated earth. The Archbishop was puzzled; but, not liking to acknowledge doubt or ignorance, answered, after a little hesitation, "Twelve feet." "It is well," replied the monarch; "let the grave of Molière be dug fourteen feet deep, and thus all difficulties are got over."

But the following turns the banter against the King :—

"Boileau d'Espreaux's reply to Louis XIV., when he showed the poet some of his own royal versification, has never been excelled. He said, "Nothing, sire, is impossible to your Majesty; you wished to make bad verses, and you have succeeded."

But the highest order of laughter is cheerfulness, where the feelings and the perceptions are in too close intimacy, union, and alliance with the moral sense and its deepest instincts to admit of the wilder peals of laughter. To this we give the highest order of comedy. This becomes a divine comedy, comedy in the highest sense—the triumph of good over evil complications and arrangements. This is the intention in the 'Tempest,' the 'Merchant of Venice,' 'As you like it;' and thus, if merriment is at the bottom of the ladder of laughter, cheerfulness is at the top. The merry man has never passed through those stages of melancholy which soften and subdue but sublime life; his laughter is the flash of a bounding and joyous instinct, and nothing more.

Thus laughter is the nitrous oxide of life, and it teaches us truth in much the same way in which nitrous oxide does, by first deforming things to teach us the wisdom of their true proportion. As azote exists in the air we breathe, four in five, yet is itself inimical to life, and cannot be breathed without sudden death, yet, if we alter the arrangement, we only make a monster for our pains; yet the monster teaches a lesson in natural theology which some could only learn thus. So when divines and philosophers exhibit hostility to laughter, we may remember

that we may, in order to healthful respiration, breathe it always in moderation, while sometimes it may even be not unwise to inhale a larger and even disturbing dose. It belongs too, then, to the chain of divine uses; it is the result of laws; it is beneficial in its intention and operation; it is the evidence of opposite principles at work in nature, in the world, and in the human mind. It is certainly an evidence of some central unity and personality, and it is an evidence that there is in us and over us something better than as yet we have attained. A well known American writer has written a very pleasant paper upon the ludicrous side of life, and certainly the detective power of laughter brings out into a very bright light some of the follies of society. Indeed, laughter and ridicule fix the lens for a true view of some of the social characteristics which even fall short of vices. Marrying for money has frequently been a subject for wits, but it is some time now since the weekly 'Spectator' put into a broad light the new ways and means of love.

'It is the registrar-general who reveals the most remarkable innovation upon Ovid. He corroborates what was thought to be the imaginative dream of those fanciful fellows, the statisticians—that lovers govern their fate by the statistics of the country. Marriages multiply only in prosperous years. Henry no longer approaches Emma with the eloquence of passion, but with the annual tables of the Board of Trade. "See, my life," he cries, "with what (it would have been transports, but now it is) exports I urge my suit! Cast (me not away, it would have been formerly, but now it is) up the figures in that column. Turn, oh! turn those beaming eyes on the marked increase in British manufactures. Behold, my Emma, how gingham is going off; let the rise of hardware melt your stern resolves; and, oh! be convinced by these bricks!" "Alas; Henry, you know my heart pleads for you; but what (pointing to an unpropitious column) can I say in such a state of the iron trade?" "My own Emma! you torture me. But do not select your columns. Rather, my treasure, fix your regard on the tottle of the whole." "Nay, Henry, you are unjust. Are the imports what they should be? Tell me, fond youth, is the divi-divi up to the average—and even in exports—I ask it with tears!—what is the state of tin?" "Cruel Emma! But remember when thus you upbraid, that if you take care of the imports, the exports will take care of themselves, and *é converso*, if the exports are considerable, the imports cannot be defective, whatever, my sweet, the apparent condition of the official values. But what new doubt has seized you? Why these tremors?—tell me, dearest. Nay, will you not whisper it to your Henry?" "The—the—the poor rates"—(Enter servant with Blue Book.)—"Mighty love be praised! This is the last report of the Poor Law Commissioners. Look, look, my Emma, won at last! The account of in-door relief in England and Wales—" Emma looks eagerly over his shoulder, glances rapidly

at the totals, sinks into his arms, and whispers the tender and enchanting assurance, "Our union shall swell the next return of the Registrar-General."

These are illustrations of what we have just now called the detective power of ridicule; and of course it is easy to pile them up in pyramids. That hoary mother and mistress of many social absurdities, the English Church, furnishes many occasions. Thus the following:—

'The following modest advertisement recently appeared in a public newspaper:—"Wanted, a curate, immediately, for two years certain, for a sole charge in the north of England. Population, 400. Excellent furnished house, with extensive gardens and pleasure grounds. The head gardener is paid by the rector, the under gardener by his *locum tenens*. Stipend, £50 a-year. Surplice fees, about £10, and all rates and taxes paid. A large family would be an objection, as the house and furniture are in excellent order." "A Poor Priest and an English Gentleman," in replying to the advertisement, asks if the Rev. J. A. R. would have an insuperable objection to his (the applicant's) combining the labours of "head gardener" to the care and culture of the 400 thinking [vegetables] whom he proposes to consign to the charge of the "*locum tenens*." Could this arrangement be effected, he would be exonerated from the heavy burden of paying the "under gardener."

Servantgalism has very often been the subject of the humourist's thrusts and banter, and we have here one of these detective strokes:—

'Once upon a time, in the neighbouring town of Newcastle, a substantial burgess was waited upon in his shop by a superbly-attired female, whom he politely addressed as madam, and desired to know what commands she wished to honour him with. The lady, after lifting the veil, which hid a not unhandsome face, intimated, in a style corresponding with her dress, though scarcely with her position, that, hearing there was a vacancy in the gentleman's service, she desired to be engaged by him as housemaid. The gentleman stated that his wife was at home in Elswick-terrace; but he, being a bit of a humourist, signified his willingness to come to terms with the lady "help." The following dialogue then ensued:—Servant-girl (in a querulous and disaffected tone): "Then you reside in the country; that would be *so* inconvenient." Gentleman: "But, then, we could move to town." Servant-girl: "And the washings, I understand, are done at home, which I don't much like." Gentleman: "But, then, we could give them out." Servant-girl: "And are there any children?" Gentleman: "Twelve." Servant-girl (in great excitement, and half inclined to faint): "Twelve children!" Gentleman: "But, then, to oblige you, we could drown a few of

them." The lady servant turned upon her heel, and swept from the premises with the air of a Cleopatra.'

And thus, also, the folly of modern dinners is well exposed—
'The poor stomach and its difficulties':—

'The world's mode of living is preposterous; mixtures, and spices, and wines, are the ruin of half the stomachs in the world. Just see: you take at a dinner-party soup (say turtle), a glass or two of lime punch, perhaps; turbot and a rich lobster sauce, with, it may be, say, an oyster pasté, or a sweetbread, to amuse yourself with, while the host is cutting you a slice of Southdown haunch; this, with jelly and kidney beans, is set in a ferment with a couple of glasses of champagne, to which a couple of glasses of hock or sauterne are added. A wing of a partridge, or the back of a leveret, solaced with a red hermitage, succeeds; then you at once ease and chill your stomach with a piece of iced pudding, which you preposterously proceed to warm again with a glass of noyeau, or some other liqueur; if you are not seduced to coquet with a spoonful of jelly in addition, you are certain to try a bit of Stilton and a piquant salad, and a glass of port therewith. A dessert, port, sherry, and claret, fill up the picture. Now, I ask you,' he continued, warming with his description, 'if this is not about the routine of the majority of dinner-parties one goes to? One man may give ox-tail for turtle, or another venison for mutton; but such is the usual order. Let you take all these things—soup, punch, turbot, and lobster, pasté, haunch, and sweet sauce, partridge and port, jelly, ice, and noyeau,—and, instead of putting them into your stomach, throw them all into a basin, infusing a couple of glasses of champagne to make them ferment, and what a noxious-looking mess you'll have. Depend upon it, until modern dinners are altered, there will be no health—the man, in fact, who asks you to a dinner-party, instead of being your friend, is your mortal enemy. He makes a hospitable attempt on your life.'

'In one of the *Annals* there is the following anecdote:—A traveller, who had been much distressed by a terrible night-mare, thus accounted for it: "If you will believe me, sir, my supper had been nothing particular; it was but one blood-pudding, a trifle of pickled salmon, a beefsteak and onions, and some Derbyshire toasted cheese, which I relished exceedingly, and not one drop did I drink but a jug of egg-flip—it must have been all owing to the bread!"'

These are some of the varieties of the abuses which are healthfully reprov'd by righteous laughter. In the process of time, that which once only seemed the formal expression of common opinion creates laughter. We smile now that the Recorder and the Common Serjeant should assure the Commons of England, as they did, that 'the abolishment of the punishment of death for stealing a pocket-handkerchief would en-

danger the whole criminal law of England ;' and when Sir Samuel Romilly sought to abolish the disgusting and disgraceful punishment for high treason, only at the commencement of the present century, the Attorney-General exclaimed, 'What! are the safeguards, the ancient landmarks, the bulwarks of the Constitution, to be thus hastily removed!' 'What!' retorted Mr. Ponsonby, 'to throw the bowels of an offender into his face one of the safeguards of the British Constitution! It is strange that this discovery has hitherto escaped the notice of the numerous authors upon the subject. I ought to confess that, until this night, I was wholly ignorant of this bulwark!' In an old newspaper, of a date long before the origin of Teetotalism, occurs a piece of casuistry in a Court of Justice, which compels laughter from its very truly human character :—

'A complaint was made before Alderman Cox by the serang or boatswain of several Lascars and the rest of his gang against the East India Company. It appeared from the statement of the serang, that during their stay in this cold and miserable climate, they had not been allowed one drop of rum or gin, or other spirituous liquors to make into grog. Alderman Cox asked the serang and his men whether they were not Mahometans. The serang and his men severally answered that they were the followers of Mahomet, the only true prophet of Allah. Alderman Cox expressed his surprise at the wish of the complainants to depart from the well known law of Mahomet, prohibiting the use of such liquors, and asked how the violation of so good a law could be reconcilable to their consciences. The serang did not like the comment. He, however, got out of the difficulty by stating that *the prophet could never have contemplated that any of the faithful should live in a wretched country like this, or he never would have prohibited the use of grog*, which was actually a necessary of life in England. Another of the crew declared that he would drink grog wherever he should meet with it, and *that he would sooner turn Christian than give up the beverage, or lose the inclination for it; besides, he never would believe that the prophet meant to prohibit gin in cold weather; indeed, it appeared to this complainant that as gin was not known in the mortal days of the prophet, it was wholly excluded from the prohibited articles, and that if it had been known at that distant period, the prophet would have been too wise to have rejected it.*

But it is not possible now to pursue these illustrations further. Laughter furnishes clearly an insight into the arrangements of the universe. The subject may be treated at far greater length. Finally, we shall be sorry to have said anything by which it can be gathered that we have much, if any thing, in admiration of it.

‘For a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which he on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of the wit.’

It is true that those who give themselves to much mirth, wit, and humour, thereby do greatly disqualify their understanding for the search after truth. Lord Bacon well says that ‘Merrily-conceited men seldom penetrate farther than the superficies of things, which is the point where the jest lies.’ And if laughter is one of the supporters of the Heraldry of Infinite Wisdom, certainly there is also a time to laugh.

SHORT NOTICES.

WE introduce to our readers’ notice a volume of an order we should like to see multiplied—stories upon the old days of the early Nonconformists. This handsomely got-up book is entitled—*Troublous Times; or, Leaves from the Note-Book of the Rev. Mr. John Hicks, an Ejected Nonconformist Minister, 1670-71. Transcribed by Jane Bowring Cranch. With an Introduction by the Rev. Charles Stanford* (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.) At the hands of novelists and tale-writers the Nonconformists have usually had the worst of it, and modern Nonconformists have been afraid or ashamed to take this literary weapon into their own hands; yet the subject is full of the poetry of scenery and character, the spirit of which could only be delineated by a sympathetic pen. The work before us is a most pleasant and readable book. In the mind of the writer the history of the times becomes individualised, but not a character is sketched or a scene described but from the pages of contemporary historians, the counterpart, perhaps we ought rather to say the analogue, could very easily be produced. Of the principal character, Mr. John Hicks, Mr. Stanford furnishes, in his very pleasant manner, a concise and very interesting biographical sketch. He was a fine specimen of the race of the ejected men, and the manner of him may be seen in these most admirable words, which Mr. Stanford has quoted, just before he was beheaded at Glastonbury. He wrote:—

“‘I die,” said he, “owning my ministry and nonconformity, for which I have suffered so much, and which doth now obstruct the King’s grace and mercy to me: for as I chose it not constrainedly, but clearly from the dictates of my own conscience, judging it to be the cause of God, and to have more of divine truth in it than that which is contrary thereto, so now I see no cause to repent of it, nor to recede from it, not questioning but God will own it at the last day. . . . Though I could not wade

through, nor conquer the difficulty (of subscription), yet I censure not those that did it; and I believe that after the hottest disputes and most vehement contests between Conformist and Nonconformist, there are of both parties who will be glorified in heaven hereafter. According to the 29th Article of the Church of England, a visible church is a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure word of God is preached, the sacraments of the Lord duly administered according to God's ordinance, and all things maintained that are requisite and necessary to salvation: so with such a church have I held the most intimate communion, and with such, did I live, would I hold it. But I would not on that account be so incorporated with any church as to exclude me from, and render me incapable of, holding communion with other churches. I was never strongly bound up to any form of ecclesiastical government, but any under which a pure and undefiled religion doth flourish, and which contains and really practises holiness, and advances the kingdom of God in the world, that can I approve of, and would willingly live under, were I to live."

The publication of this book is most timely. The scenery is laid in the beautiful little town of Kingsbridge, in Devonshire. It aims successfully to bring before the reader's eye the dangers to which they were exposed in that day who sought in England freedom to worship God; the spots where the ejected met their flocks for worship, the farm-houses which often sheltered them, the manner in which the ministers especially, and others, suffered the loss of all things. The writer has a very happy pen for using those words which bring close to the eye of the heart the old scenes which all English eyes love to look upon. Here is a description of a visit paid by good Master Hicks to a mourning bereaved mother.

'As I went down the steep, narrow, bosky lane, that leadeth into Master Tooker's place of Norden, I remembered when in stiller times treading the same grassy path, with the branches meeting overhead, a-thinking what sweet spot 'twas either to begin or end one's days in; and they ought count themselves favoured who are permitted do both in such a peaceful hermitage. The noon of life I might choose pass in busier scenes; but for the morning dawn, or sober even, when the deepening shadows say the solemn night is near, where can calmer earthly rest be found?

'The farm-house is long and low; there is a great stack of chimneys at one end; and an iron vane, set up with a deal of complacency by poor dear Master Tooker himself, at the other. Divers little windows peer out like eyes upon a garden-court, with a row of beehives all along the south side, and a dial to see what o'clock 'tis in the middle. A single, rich, brown pear-tree stands in a corner of the goodly orchard. How pleasant seemed this Vale of Norden, as I gazed upon its sunny fields, through which runs a brook of the clearest water, ever while it goeth on its way, singing the same soft ceaseless tune in the ear of man, and to the greenwood above. It began to sing in that of silence—eldest of all things—more than five thousand summers ago.

'As I drew near Master Tooker's dwelling I descried his wife sitting in one of the little windows I had named. A rose-tree spreadeth over half the house; some of the gay roses were dangling about the casement, and two, fair and bright enough for a young bride's garland, almost touching the

close white coif of the mourner below. She was so buried in deep sad reverie, that I remained still a few minutes marvelling at the change grief, in such short space of time, had wrought upon the drooping form before me. While thus occupied, the bells of the nearest village church rang out a peal; the sweet sounds rising, falling, at last floated away, and died in a strain of tender fineness; the very air around did seem charmed into the continuing of—yea, loth to receive into its bosom; and on again regarding Mistress Tooker, I perceived that she, too, was hearkening, for her head was raised, and turned in the direction whence the sweet peal sounded. But, presently, she began to wring her hands, seeing which, I hastened forward.

“Dear sister,” said I, after we had affectionately greeted one another, “I pray you tell me what there could be in those bells we have each been just a-listening to that stirred your grief afresh. On my ear they fell all gentle, soothing, like distant music.”

“Ah, once,” replied she, “’twas thus with mine, and the thought, Master Hicks, ye fain would know, is this:—How often, when a babe, have I carried *him* in these poor arms through yon green churchyard, and watched him sport among the daisies on the graves! My parents and near kindred lie there, and I loved to think in child so fair as mine their blood ran still; if such pride of a mother’s heart was sinful, how hath the Lord humbled and brought it low!”

Here is a legend of a kind often likely to be told by a Puritan fireside.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MISCHIEF THE SUN WROUGHT FOR CHRISTOPHER HART.

“Christopher Hart was a farmer. Descended from ancestors who were Puritans, he himself held much the same religious opinions, though occasionally an attendant at his parish church; and upon the day set apart by the Church of England to commemorate the beheading of King Charles I., Master Hart was—woe the day for him!—seated in one of its pews. He appeared not to take the slightest notice of the allusions in the service to the defunct monarch and Royal Martyr, till it so fell out that the officiating minister, in the height of his exordium from the pulpit, thought fit to exclaim, ‘And never since, on this day, has the sun been known to shine.’ As the words passed his lips, the sun, which had before been slightly overcast, streamed through the church windows with such a flood of dazzling brightness that the small eyes of the old vicar blinked again in the sudden blaze of golden light, which, after playing with his own round cheeks and ruby nose, proceeded to illuminate the monument of a knight who had fought in the Wars of the Roses, and nobody could tell how many wars beside, whose fierce visage seemed to frown more darkly still, whilst the clasped gauntleted hands appeared raised as if in solemn deprecation of the monstrous fable to which priestly tongue had given utterance.

“But at this very moment there was a living face which looked near as forbidding in real flesh and blood as did the grim old warrior’s in stone, for Master Christopher Hart had risen to his feet, and, with a voice that made the aisles resound again, shouted forth—‘By thy own red nose, thou speakest false! The sun *not* shine on this day more than any other!—why, man, he is now shining straight in thy very face to confound thee.’

“The parson dropped his book; the lord of the manor, Squire Dacres, started up in his great crimson-cushioned pew, with an oath; whilst

Madam Dacres spread her fan, lest her eyes should be extinguished by glancing toward such a monster. Even the curls on the periwig of their little buff-breeched heir-apparent, as well as those lovelier ones under cap of finest Flanders upon the head of his pretty sister, seemed to rise and stand on end with horror at such a sacrilegious outrage.

“What followed may not easily be imagined. Master Hart had walked into that church a wealthy, thriving man: he was dragged out as a felon, an object for Episcopal vengeance to pursue. For presuming within *sacred* precincts to become a fearless witness in the cause of truth, he was persecuted with the most merciless severity, for they said he had ‘brawled’ in the church; therefore he was fined so heavily, that his wife and children were made homeless, and himself cast into prison. Nevertheless, the captive’s spirits are wonderfully kept up; he there manageth to pursue some handicraft, by which, with the aid rendered by a few kind Christian souls—whose timid natures, I’ve heard secretly blame his more intrepid one for being so deficient in all worldly prudence—he and his family have, hitherto, been kept from starvation. It must also be borne in mind, that most of they who sympathise with and pity his misfortunes, while ministering to his necessities, keep certain rankling memories in their own hearts of perhaps a grandfather publicly scourged and branded, an uncle nailed to the pillory, and other kinsfolk minus their ears.

“I do not think the Lord will permit Christopher Hart to die in prison, though I fear the best years of his life will be spent there, neither have his children been permitted to beg their bread; the elder ones are gone out to America, are flourishing there, and bid fair to prove worthy the parent stock; and as for his wife, no language I am master of can fitly tell what that brave soul has struggled through for love of her husband and family. If man is created only ‘a little lower than the angels,’ ’tis my belief, Master Hicks, some women (Kit Hart’s wife is of their number) are, in adversity, equal to the angels themselves.”

“I doubt it not,” responded I, warmly; “and thine are not the idle fancies of a mere brain-sick romancer, but the words of truth and soberness.”

“The temper of the prisoner’s own mind,” said Master Burdwood, “is also exceedingly cheerful and composed; he hath turned the following little song, and oftentimes, like a caged lark, singeth it whilst at his work:—

- “Bright sun, betwixt my prison bars
I love thy smile to see;
’Twas strange those golden beams of thine
Should sorrow make for me.
- “Whilst cooped within these walls of stone,
I muse, and work, and sing;
Perchance in bonds do oftentimes feel
More joyous than a king;—
- “For certes than a king forsworn—
I who, from early youth,
Have counted crowns but sorry gauds
Without that jewel—truth.
- “Let timid hearts school prudent tongues
Their coward peace to hold;
Lord grant that, in her sacred cause,
I steadfast prove as bold.

“Then smile betwixt those bars, bright sun,
My breast forebodes no ill;
For a clear conscience maketh there
A brighter sunshine still.”

We give one other illustrative sketch, a pleasant, graphic picture of

AN OLD SHEPHERD.

‘The country here lying afore me extended far as the eye could measure, in a wide, open range of land, seemingly bounded by nought, save the meeting of earth and sky together, diversified with woods, corn-fields, pastures, rich in flocks and herds, with clusters of distant cottages; a gray church-tower rising in their midst, and, nearer, the turrets of a stately castle, its bridge down, and battlements reflected in the moat, filled by the river, that wound along by those stern walls, and which, now lost to sight, then sparkling out again amid the beauteous landscape, for ever and for ever went on its way rejoicing.

‘While gazing delightedly, and repeating softly those words of the Lord to Jerusalem—“I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream,”—I spied an old man, of brisk carriage, and exceeding hale, comely countenance, coming toward me. In one hand he held a stick of knotted thorn, with a long crook at the end, in the other a half-knit woollen stocking, and by his side was a rough-coated dog, whose eyes were more observant, and, I was just a-going to write, better informed with sense, than those in the heads of many folk of human kind.

“Methinks,” quoth I to the old man, “methinks a shepherd’s life” (pointing to the flocks, feeding so peaceful in the sunny distance) “must be a mighty pleasant one.”

“In summer weather ’tis, Sir,” replied he, cheerily.

“I take it,” said I, “that you’re a shepherd yourself.”

“Ay, many and many a year I’ve kept sheep among yonder hills and plains, with other farm work atween; and let me tell ye, master, a shepherd’s life, in the bitter blasts and snow-storms of winter, is not so mighty pleasant as ye town gentlefolk” (and he smiled at me), “sitting upon a daisy bank in the sunshine, most times conceit it must be.”

“Your face, however, honest friend, is a brave witness in its favour; for such a healthful visage, with its white hairs for a crown, doth a man’s heart good to look upon.”

“Say ye so?” answered the shepherd, with another cheery smile. “Now, at what age might ye reckon me to be?”

“Well, ye said ye’d kept sheep these pretty many years, so I’ll guess full threescore, or” (taking a sharp survey of him) “mayhap a few years more.”

“A few years, in truth, master, for as such to me they seem, and yet how wide the mark ye’ve guessed, for I’ve seen five instead of three-score summers pass over my head. By our church book, I was a hundred years old last Christmas day.”

“Then ’faith, gaffer,” cried one of the pack-horse men, who joined us while we were a-talking, and heard these last words, “I think I’ll turn shepherd myself. Come, take a hearty sup o’ this” (drawing forth a certain leathern bottle, which, for better convenience and security, the driver carried strapped to his girdle); “the good liquor will warm thy ancient blood, and make thee feel growing young again.”

“Nay, thank ye kindly,” said the shepherd, rejecting firmly the prof-

ferred bottle, "I'll none o' it, for ever since I was a boy my drink hath been the same as Adam's was in Paradise—water, pure, blessed water, *and nought else*. Yet, methinks, friend, my cheeks are still near as ruddy as (craving your pardon) the tip o' your own nose is."

"Water's well enow in its way," replied the other; "'tis excellent to wash a horse's legs, or the grime off a body's face, or the cook-wenches to boil their pots with; but for a grown man to drink—ugh! I that am the wrong side o' forty—ye're laughing, old Sir, and I grant *ye* may; but as I was a-going to say, I begin to feel I want something to cheer and strengthen my inwards. Man, after all, is a kind o' animal that——"

"Right!" exclaimed the shepherd, very quickly interrupting him, and then pointing his crook with much meaning towards the pack-horses—(it joyed me to see what care their masters took o' 'em, stroking their great necks, and carefully examining their huge feet than which I conceited a mammoth's could scarce tread firmer)—and these now having had their good feed o' corn, were drinking gratefully from a clear runnel near the road-side. "Ye see," pursued the shepherd, "there's nought lacking in the way of strength or sinew in the brave legs and mighty shoulders of they true water-drinkers a-quaffing yonder stream."

"Was ever the like o' that heard afore?" cried the driver. "Now, shame upon ye, to even the palate and stomach of a pack-horse, for such is your drift, with the inside of a Christian."

"Nay," quoth I, "ye mistake. Our friend here was only speaking of there being neither lack of strength nor power in the noble beasts that have thus far brought ye and their heavy loads in safety, though their drink be nought save water. And I'll warrant many a useful thing hath he gathered up during his long out-o'-door life, in observing the changes of the weather, and the seasons, and divers other matters, beside the ways and habits o' the dumb things about him, for these last are never false to the instinct God hath planted in them as a guide to their meaner natures."

"Use plainer speech, master," said the shepherd, who was listening attentively. "I'm but a simple herdsman. Now, what meant ye about God's a-planting?—faith, I've lost the word, 't had a cracked sound."

"Just this," was my reply, "that the Lord in his wisdom and mercy, hath seen fit to give even beasts a certain kind of sense, and though they use it without reason, it never leads 'em wrong."

"Ay, ye may well say so; yea, 'tis my belief, venture more than that concerning some o' 'em. Why, here's this dog o' mine: he knoweth the face of each sheep in our flock as well as I do, though to eyes like yours they might seem as much alike as one pea is to another; yet they all differ. An' I might tell of things beside, which, unless ye'd seen as I've done, ye'd ne'er believe a pate like this" (and the shepherd laid his hand lovingly upon the dog's head) "could get knowledge of. He hath a tongue, too, in it that never told a lie; and I wish all servants, from they who wait upon our gracious King downward, were as true to *their* masters as mine is to me."

"What children have ye living?" asked I.

"Ah! master, that's the saddest part of an old, very old man's tale; for most-times, such as reach my age see those they hoped would lay their gray hairs in a quiet grave, go thither afore 'em. Once I had wife, and goodly sons, and blooming daughters; but all, all are gone. Yet, sometimes, when I'm out in the fields alone, their faces smile around me; though when I speak they fade away, as does the morning mist upon the

hills. I'm apt forget, sir; 'tis more than fifty years ago since I beheld some o' 'em in the flesh." And then I saw a look come into his eyes which told of tears for the long-buried dead, that never again might flow—he'd no more left to shed.

"Thine age, good friend," said I, after a few remarks touching the great, and, I trusted, heavenly change so close awaiting him, to which he meekly and very reverently hearkened, "is, I hope, well tended."

"Ay, never an old man's better," answered the shepherd, smiling, "and by the hands of a good, loving grandchild. Might I make bold, gentle Sir, to ask ye go along with me to my cottage; 'tis bare half-a-mile from here?" and he pointing his stick in the quarter where it lay, I discerned a low roof of warm, brown thatch, peeping out like a nest from the trees near it.

"I felt grieved I mustn't think of accompanying him thither, and after we had bidden each other a fervent God-speed, I turned me twice to watch this ancient shepherd a-wending his homeward way. 'Twas then I first perceived his shoulders were a trifle bent, in a way not unlike the slight stoop thought peculiar to scholarly men, oftentimes before *they* have reached to middle age. The locks beneath his wide-brimmed hat were still abundant, and white as the driven snow; but his firm step, and, in short, entire carriage, as he walked leisurely onward in the direction of the cottage, set me a-thinking very seriously whether pure water to drink, plain food to eat, fresh country air, a sober, industrious life, a patient, disciplined spirit, and, above all, a heart reconciled to God, is not the true philosopher's secret for lengthening out man's days upon earth.'

We have quoted somewhat lengthily, that our readers may have the opportunity of estimating the character of the book for themselves. Nonconformists now-a-days seldom purchase their own books, and thus there is little encouragement to such writers as Miss Cranch; still, we hope the success of this volume will be such as to induce her to try again to depict the history of fathers and their sufferings through the light of agreeable, instructive, and healthy narrative. We are thankful to our author for the work before us. Nor have we any doubt that she can do better things yet by a patient preparation of her canvas and her colour; and by a careful study of the subject of her picture and the characters to be introduced, she may turn to admirable account her powers. She has humour; she has an eye for scenery; she has a perception of the characters of men; she has a knowledge of the ways of the times. We trust this volume will be introduced into every congregational book society and Sunday school library.

OF the many Lives of Luther, the best we have met with for Sabbath-school and juvenile libraries is one just published—*The Story of Martin Luther, a Book for Young Persons, edited by Miss Whately.* (John F. Shaw.) Luther's Life is full of interest; any youth may peruse it with pleasure, and it is a life that in a very singular degree impresses as well as charms; but it needed this setting, and we cordially wish for the volume a very large circulation. It is not characterised so much by any literary ability as by a dexterous weaving of anecdote and narrative, free from the toil of theological

dissertation, and from the complications of historical questions. It is a homely narrative of a man whose name and deeds should be known well in every Protestant home.

MISS MARSH introduces us to the lives of two soldiers—*The Life of Arthur Vandeleur, Major, Royal Artillery, by the Author of Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars, &c.* (James Nisbet), and *Memorials of Serjeant William Marjouram, Royal Artillery, Edited by Serjeant William White, with a Preface by the Author of Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars.* (James Nisbet.) Of these two volumes, the Life of Marjouram is by far the most interesting. The Serjeant was a noble man, and in such a life, surrounded by such difficulties, it is indeed a glorious thing to see religion obtaining a strong and real hold upon the character; in fact, it is a far more interesting book than the Life of Hedley Vicars. There is reality in both, without any doubt, but the reality in the life of the Serjeant was very strong. There is nothing little or sentimental in his religion; all may read it with much pleasure and profit, and we are heartily glad that a non-commissioned officer receives a niche among these incessant biographies. He deserves it; and it will be useful. We wonder if Miss Marsh can find piety in any private sufficient to take rank with these men.

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